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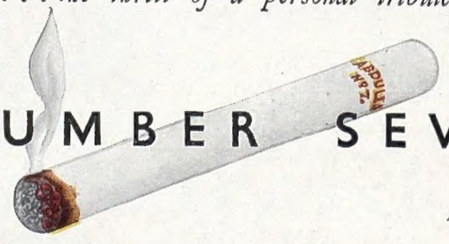

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Volume CXCIV No. 2537 The SPHERE, London, September 18, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE RED FLAG TORN DOWN IN BERLIN—THE HAMMER-AND-SICKLE EMBLEM BEING TAKEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE BRANDENBURGER TOR, JUST IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR OF BERLIN, BEFORE BEING THROWN TO THE ANTI-COMMUNIST CROWD BELOW: The incident took place after a huge anti-Communist demonstration in the Platz der Republik, in front of the ruined Reichstag building and near the boundary of the British and Russian sectors

Events in Berlin have moved from incident to incident and crisis to crisis, culminating last week in Russian soldiers firing on German civilians, and, perhaps more significant still, in the tearing down of the Red Flag from the summit of the Brandenburger Tor. Just before the removal of the flag there had been a comparatively orderly demonstration in front of the ruined Reichstag by members of the Social Democratic Party. When the demonstration closed, however, the crowd surged towards the Brandenburger Tor, the great monument dividing the Tiergarten from the Unter den Linden, and it was then that a young man was seen on top of the gate about to tear the flag from the Quadriga of Victory, the bronze triumphal car to which it was attached. There were shouts of exultation as the flag was wrenched free. At that time, Soviet sector police and Russian soldiers were some way down Unter den Linden, and it was at this stage that the shooting, in which thirty people were injured, took place (see also page 355 of this issue)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Mr. Attlee's Responsibility.—I fancy we know where we stand in Europe. We stand at a juncture at which a world war may break out, though no nation (or probably clique) desires it—a third world war in our time. Russia's infamous "technique" to secure her own aims and to sabotage recovery west of the Iron Curtain is playing with fireworks in a powder magazine, and no nation and no statesman in charge dare dismiss the possibility of explosion. The responsibility of government to-day was not more fearful in 1914 or 1941. It is an anxiety which ages and marks those responsible. Mr. Jinnah is dead. Mr. Attlee is on the shelf. His complaints are the result of overstrain. Why was it that Mr. Churchill, an older man, despite illnesses grave enough, *sailed* through his fearful responsibilities? Not the power to take quick naps and slough off his problems for an hour or two at will. It was nothing but the inspiration and stimulus afforded by leading a united nation, by the knowledge that every man-jack was with him and behind him. Mr. Attlee has not that stimulus. He "governs" a divided nation, and it is divided because he himself has surrendered his leadership to his own party caucuses. He is pulled this way and that. The present session of Parliament is nothing but a party move, as petty as any in our political history and as short-sighted. Mr. Attlee has shown breadth of mind and considerable ability and strength at moments during his administration. Yet he remains a "little" man. He has not shown the courage to use the power given him for the good of the nation as a whole.

The Russian Game.—I have kept silence (as requested) and hoped for the best while Moscow and other talks were on behind curtains. I read reports of progress made and noted local rumours that the "trains will be running again in a few days," and yet I must confess that my bloom of hope wilted some time ago. I see no sign that the Russian heart has changed or that she "means business" in any sense but her own clear-cut business, which is to incorporate the whole of Berlin in her own Eastern Zone, and if she can't do it by obstruction, delays, faked conversations, propaganda and organised sabotage, then to do it by any means whatsoever. Wherever in Berlin any sign of democratic government could be beaten down by organised gangs of Communists, that has been done; the police have been intimidated by every means. In short, anarchy is being openly encouraged. In these circumstances, it may be necessary for our western Foreign Ministers to play their roles in one more Foreign Ministers' talk, and to study the results of recent Four-Power committees on this or that aspect, but they can hardly sustain the roles of "honest fool" for which they are cast in the Soviet farce with enthusiasm or pleasure, especially since with them Time is not on their side. Wasting time is Russia's weapon; it is our funeral.

The King's Journey.—The King came south a few days' ago to open Parliament with the shortest speech on record (so say the parliamentary gossips). Now, if H.M. were called south to read the longest speech on record, many of us would feel that the interruption in his holiday was justified to the hilt by the gravity of current events. He might, for example, devote many sentences to defence, many more to foreign policy or to his Government's plans to cleanse another section of the Augean stables of our domestic economy, and so on. But this session was, at any rate, decided on originally for a single purpose, to enable the Socialists before the General Election in 1950 to implement their will (or their left-wing dictators' will) in nationalising one more industry, the one that actually succeeds. It seems an odd juncture in our history to summon Parliament for this rather oblique and not very important design. For the number of matters likely to be on a prudent Government's agenda which might appear to have priority, is large. Take defence as an example. The war chiefs take it seriously, for they are far from satisfied with the means at their disposal to resist any aggression that may be offered us, and no one can say that the civilian population know their jobs and are satisfied with the measures in force for their safety. Thus I am puzzled when a military or political pundit brays out that "all this talk of the possibility of war is not only silly, but mischievous."

THE WINNER OF "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP—MR. P. J. RUMBLE (LEFT) RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM MR. W. C. NISBETT, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS GOLF TOURNAMENT: The tournament was played at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond. The competition was started in 1926, and, with the exception of the war years, has been staged annually ever since

Unanswerable.—Mr. Alfred Edwards's letter to *The Times* on September 4 was a very notable and convincing exposition of the case against the nationalisation of steel. Reinforced by a *Times* leader of exceptional clarity and vigour, it should convince the Premier that he and some of his saner colleagues have been forced into a very humiliating position by their Left-Wing "advisers," the hothead section. The position is humiliating for several reasons. A Government is placed in power to govern for the good of the nation, a Premier is chosen to lead not only the nation, but his Cabinet to that end. Mr. Attlee, in summoning Parliament at this anxious time to pass legislation which will enable him before the General Election to put on the Statute Book a "scrap of paper," is doing no more than allowing his tail to wag him into a gesture which must throw ridicule even upon a naturally comic dog—such as a dachshund. For there are matters of urgent importance to occupy all his time. The bulk of the industry regards the nationalisation of steel with grave distrust. The measure must create further disruption in industry and halt for a time the splendid output of our one satisfactory trade. And, any way, this Government cannot see the results until in 1950 it has received another mandate from the electorate. And it may well be that this scrap of paper will play an important part in deciding the fate of the General Election of 1950.

Pegging Wages.—While Margate talked, it was interesting to study the vicious spiral of higher wages and shorter hours during 1948, a spiral not halted since Sir Stafford's plea for restraint. As regards shorter hours, in the first half of 1948 more than 250,000 workers had their hours reduced by three hours a week. This process still continues, the July reduction of working hours benefiting 10,000 more. During the first half of 1948, every single major industrial group with the exception of agriculture achieved wage increases. Between January and July 4,500,000 workers shared increases totalling £1,000,000 a week, more than twice the rate of increase in the corresponding period of 1947. This trend is continuing unchecked by warnings and pleas, and a nice little bill is being planned by the 4,500,000 National Railway workers represented by the N.U.R., two-thirds of the total employed. The N.U.R. claim is in process of discussion and, if it be allowed, will add £20,000,000 a year to the cost of running our "own" railways—an individual rise of 12s. 6d. Engineering clerks also (100,000 of them) are asking for a £1 rise in the adult minimum, and in the Civil Service the women are pressing for a date for the introduction of equal pay. All of which suggests that Sir Stafford's most burning phrases carry very little appeal or that the nation's workers optimistically assume that our economic situation is already so much improved as to stand the strain.

Air-lift.—I am glad to hear that the statistics of Britain's contribution to the Berlin air-lift are to be released daily. The American share, needless to say, has had constant publicity. Our own contribution has been fully up to our fair ratio, and the release of the figures and a simple addition sum may give us some vague idea of the size and cost of the job which still stretches indefinitely ahead, with the approach of winter suggesting ever-increasing costs and obstacles. Our own share in a daily average of about 650 flights is round about 280, and that, I should say, is a generous ratio response. It would be interesting to know the cost of a single flight in terms of petrol and of money. It may be assumed that in winter 650 daily flights would be totally inadequate to meet the barest needs of an intolerable austerity. O Lord, how long? The statistics, if expertly interpreted, should certainly suggest that new and desperate methods of approach may be necessary before October, if the dilly dally and impasse continue so long.

Farewell to the Glen.—There are compensations in returning south after a Highland holiday. Perhaps I am a fair-weather sportsman. I certainly don't enjoy shooting in everlasting rain, and the last month in the Eastern Highlands gladdened the hearts of the fishermen, but of no others. The thirty days of our holiday in Nairnshire produced one perfect day, one day of pleasant sunshine and cloud, and perhaps six hours more of sun gleams. Otherwise the record was of persistent rain, abnormal cold, strong winds, mist and notable floods. The fishermen reaped a harvest, but such grouse as the ground held will live to fly another day, and perhaps help to restock these long depleted moors so that prosperity and dollars may come back the sooner to many long-depressed estates. There is no doubt that those Americans (of the Grouse-Shooters' Club, N.Y.) are waiting to pounce, waiting for news of the grouse coming back. In Angus one or two are already back, and they have elaborate schemes for organising a team of beaters to serve a district in rotation of driving days. It will be a difficult job and very expensive, but so, nowadays, is the whole business, when "bang goes sixpence" at a half-grown rabbit and the cost of travel alone is enough to jolt a black-market wizard of finance. You pay your money and you take your chance. August 1947 gave thirty days of glorious, continuous sunshine and shimmering heat. The same period 1948 gave two-and-a-half days at most of pleasant conditions. But it is wonderful how one can accommodate oneself to circumstances, however unpleasant, and I count ten times as many sunny hours as the bare statistics revealed.

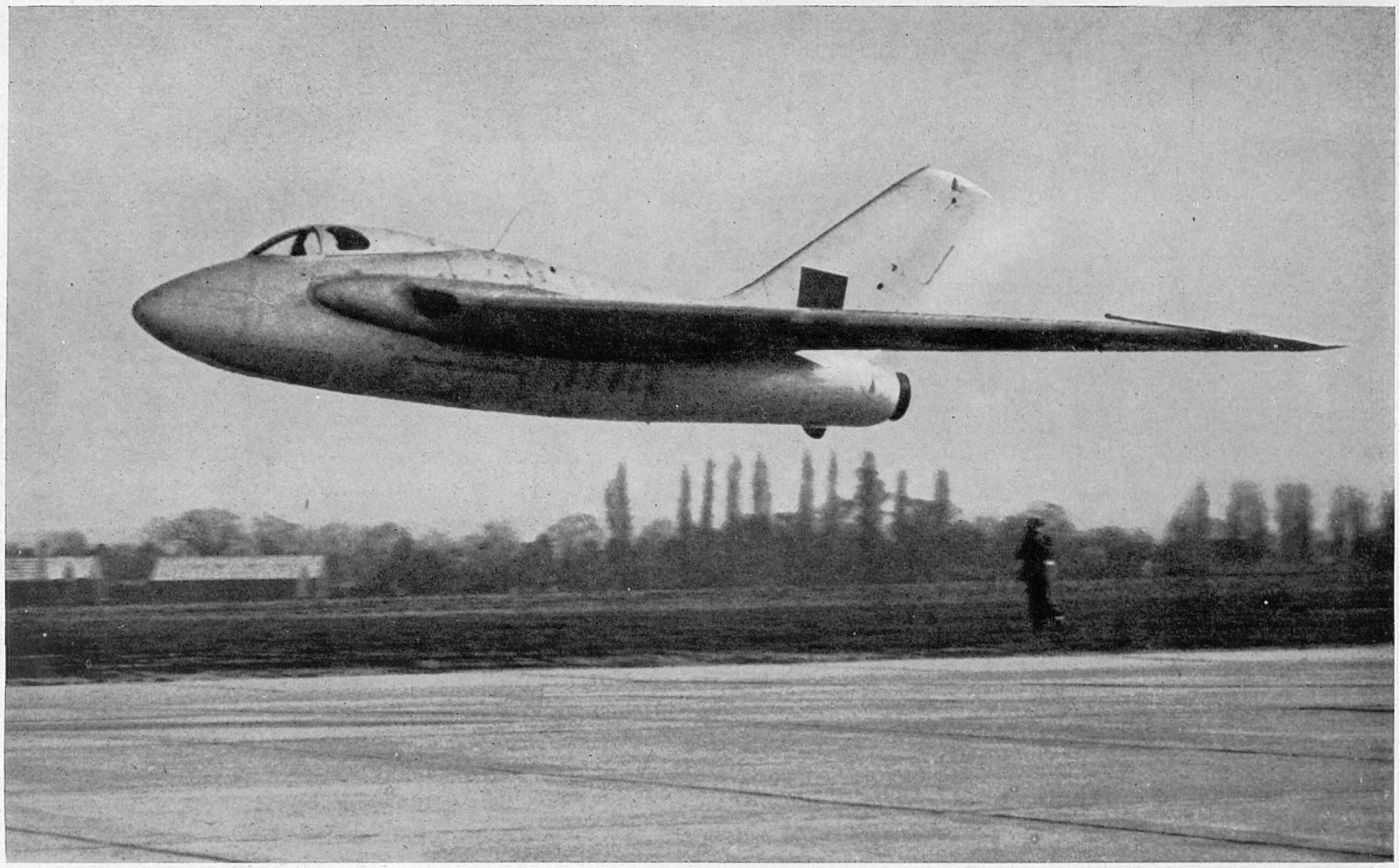
THE OLD STAGER

THE GREAT ANTI-COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE REICHSTAG : An overhead view of the enormous gathering of Berliners, estimated at 250,000 strong, who came to attend the open-air meeting which ended in the tearing down of the Red Flag and in a number of Russian troops firing on the people as they dispersed

BERLIN'S ANTI-COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION

A Day of Violence on the Sector Boundaries

BRITISH TROOPS AND GERMAN POLICE SOUGHT TO CONTROL THE PASSIONS OF THE CROWD : This picture was taken in the Charlottenburger Chausee in the British Sector of Berlin, when a Russian jeep, which is seen on the left of this picture, arrived for the guard-changing ceremony at the Soviet war memorial. Angered by the arrival of the Russians, members of the crowd, homeward bound from the demonstration in front of the Reichstag, shouted abuse and threw stones. A British civilian police officer in charge of the German police who were guarding the memorial had great difficulty in dissuading the Russian soldiers from opening fire on the crowd. The memorial is only a short distance from the Brandenburger Tor, and when the Russians saw the flag being torn down they turned their jeep and dashed back down the Chausee. They fired three shots with their tommy guns, apparently as a warning. They were later seen with tommy guns at the ready advancing along the Friedrich Ebertstrasse, the crowd either taking cover or else retreating swiftly before them

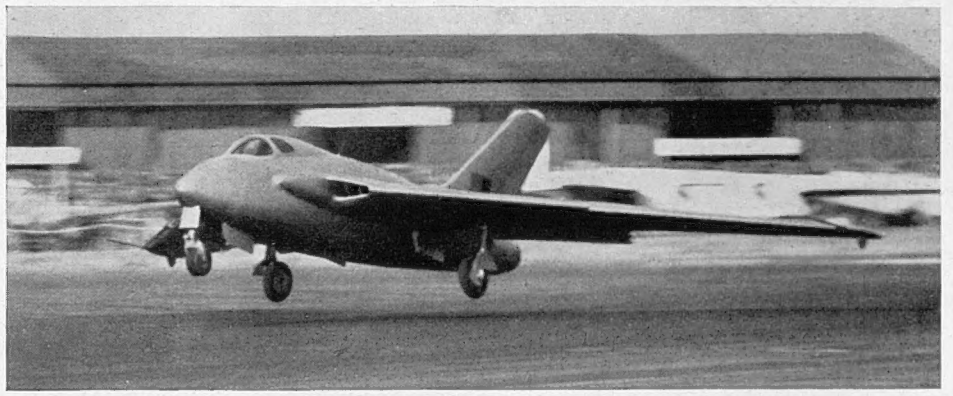


THE FIRST COMPLETE SELF-CONTAINED AIRCRAFT TO BURST THROUGH THE BARRIER OF SOUND : The de Havilland 108 experimental tail-less jet plane taking off from Hatfield aerodrome, where it achieved a speed faster than sound. The pilot of the aircraft was John Derry, co-test pilot with John Cunningham. From 40,000 ft. above Hatfield he put the machine into a shallow dive which got steeper and steeper as he turned on more power in his Goblin engine. Eventually the needle of the mach meter recorded a mach number in excess of 1, and the pilot knew that he and his plane had crossed the sonic barrier successfully

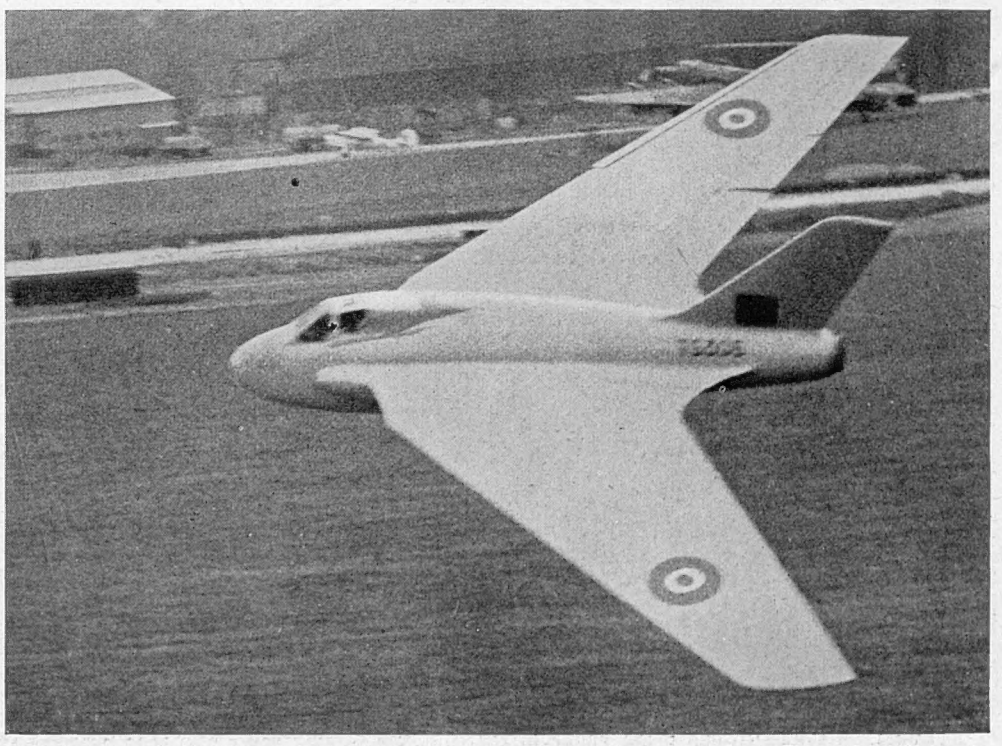
FASTER THAN SOUND

John Derry's Achievement in the D.H. 108

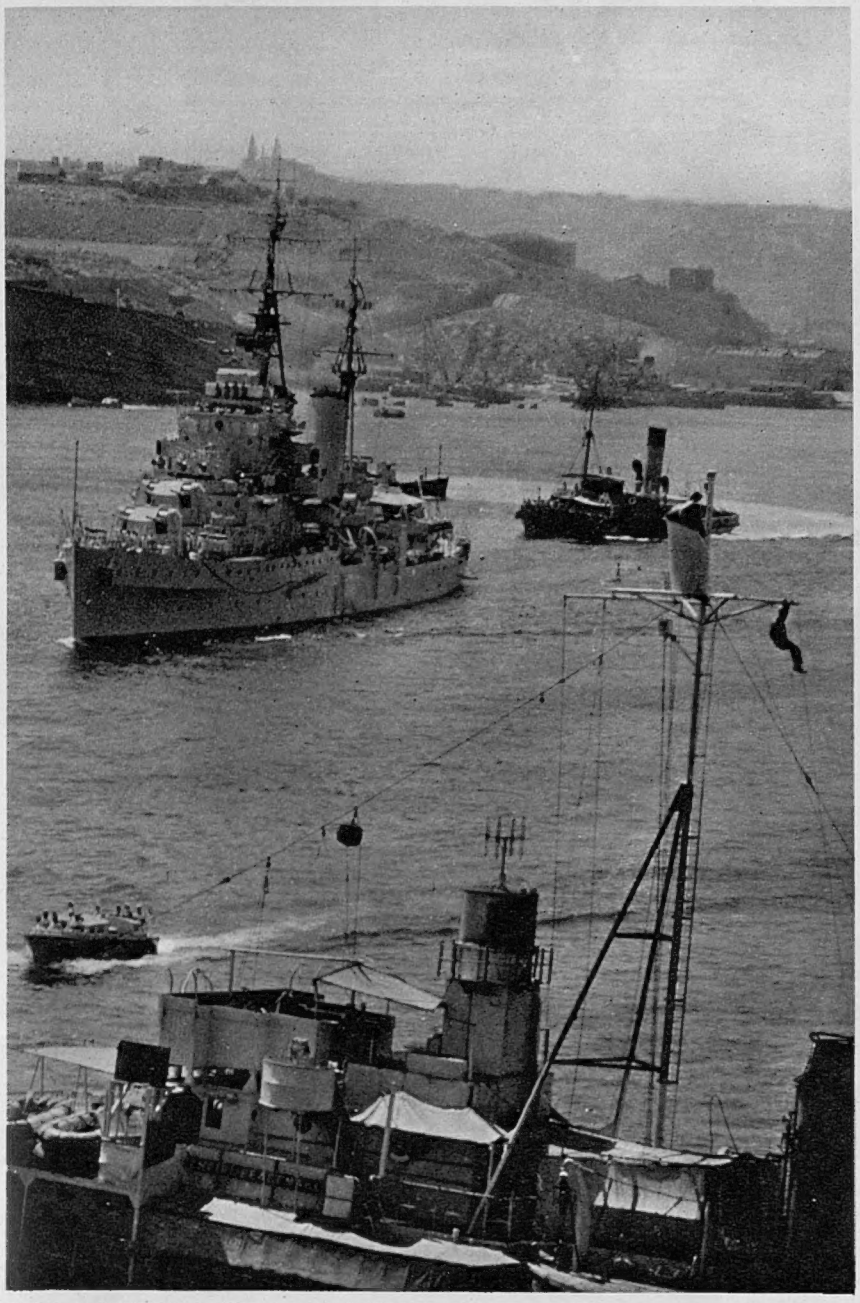
It was in a D.H. 108 that the late Geoffrey de Havilland lost his life in 1946, shortly before he was due to attempt a new world speed record. A modified version of that plane has now justified the faith of its designers by breaking through the sonic barrier, an achievement of the first magnitude along the road of air development. The record was broken during a routine trial, the mach meter recording a figure in excess of 1 in the course of a power dive. The mach number, which takes its name from a system devised by Dr. Ernest Mach, of Vienna, is a means of expressing speed in relation to the velocity of sound. A mach number of 1, for instance, indicates sonic speed—762 m.p.h. at sea-level, decreasing with altitude to 660 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft. The D.H. 108 was probably travelling at about 675 m.p.h. when it achieved its record



THE FASTER-THAN-SOUND JET : The de Havilland 108 which recorded an apparent mach number in excess of 1 in the course of its dive. "There were no unusual sensations," declared Derry, as the 108 exceeded the speed of sound, "but the controls did become heavy"



THE MAN AND THE MACHINE : *Left*—Test-pilot John Derry in the cockpit of the D.H. 108. Both John Cunningham and John Derry have been flying the 108 on its experimental flights and have been confident from the outset that it would cross the sonic barrier. *Right*—An overhead view of the machine showing the swept-back wings and the unusual tail formation. Following its triumph on this experimental flight, the D.H. 108 was flown at the Farnborough Display



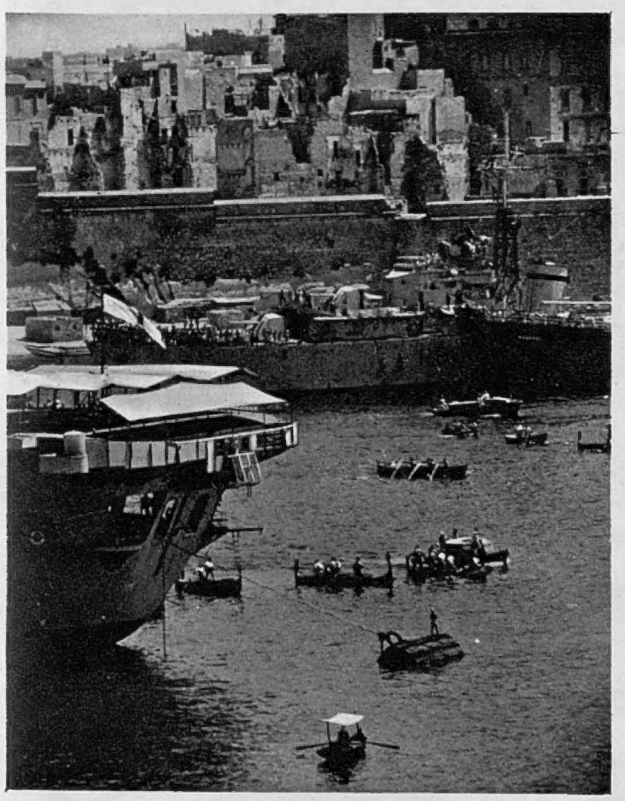
H.M.S. "PHOEBE" LEAVES GRAND HARBOUR, VALETTA, FLYING THE PAYING-OFF PENDANT: The light cruiser was on her way home, where she will pay-off and be recommissioned for further service with the Mediterranean Fleet. She is expected back in Grand Harbour about the middle of next month. In the foreground, two seamen have a grandstand view of her departure from the mast and crow's-nest of the "Empire Peacemaker"

ON THE BRIDGE OF H.M.S. "PHOEBE": Officers and men, clad in tropical white, parade for leaving harbour as the light cruiser sails for home. The paying-off pendant signifies that she is at the end of her present commission

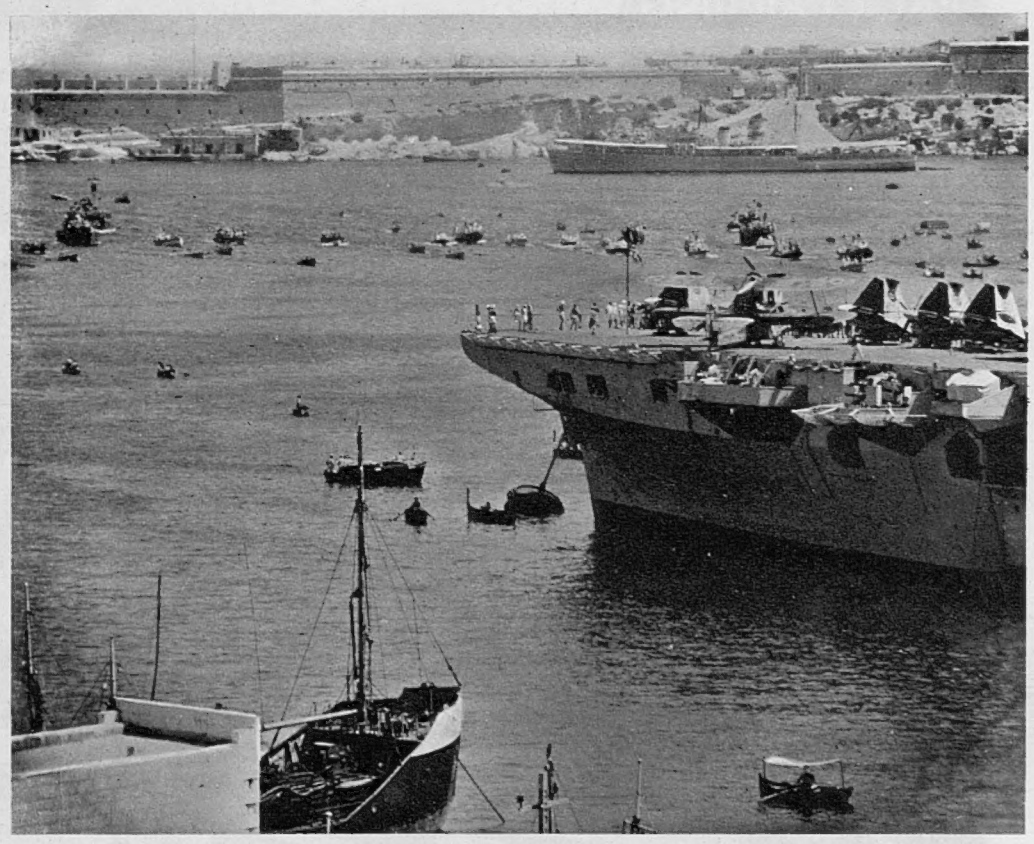
H.M.S. "PHOEBE" LEAVES MALTA

The "Little Boats" Race for the Hamilton Cup

H.M.S. *Phoebe*, under the command of Captain G. C. Colville, O.B.E., R.N., returned home to pay-off after eighteen months in the Mediterranean. She will then be re-commissioned and will be among the great concentration of British and American naval vessels at Gibraltar later this month. Fifteen of the biggest ships in the United States Navy are sailing for the Mediterranean to carry out the policy of rotating naval strength in that area. The 45,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* is one, and cruisers and destroyers of the Fleet Train will take part. Fourteen of these "big ships" will be at Gibraltar this month and on September 23 and 24 the concentration will reach its climax of nearly fifty men-of-war. H.M.S. *Vanguard* will be there, at that time, on an exercise cruise after her refit and prior to the visit of the King and Queen to Australia and New Zealand, next year



"BOAT-RACE DAY" IN VALETTA GRAND HARBOUR: The "whaler" crew of the shore station, H.M.S. "St. Angelo," pass the stern of the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. "Triumph" and cross the finishing line to win again the monthly "whaler" race for the Hamilton Cup



H.M.S. "TRIUMPH" SERVES AS A GRANDSTAND FOR THE HAMILTON CUP: The Maltese crew from the shore station again won the cup after their surprise defeat of the previous month

Great interest was aroused by the August contest for the Hamilton Cup in Valetta Grand Harbour. It had become the virtual property of the team from the shore station, H.M.S. *St. Angelo*, who had won the monthly contest for the last three years until their surprise defeat by an English crew from H.M.S. *Newcastle* in July. In this picture the whalers, manned by crews from units of the Mediterranean Fleet, are seen fanned out as they approach H.M.S. *Triumph* and the winning-line. Thousands of Maltese from all over the island cheered their compatriots to victory. It was the biggest crowd at Grand Harbour since the King's visit in 1943. Last month another surprise win was gained in the Malta Command Officers' Boat Race when a combined crew of the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers defeated the 2nd Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Malta Artillery, by two lengths. Maltese regiments had won this race for the past twenty-one years with the exception of 1937

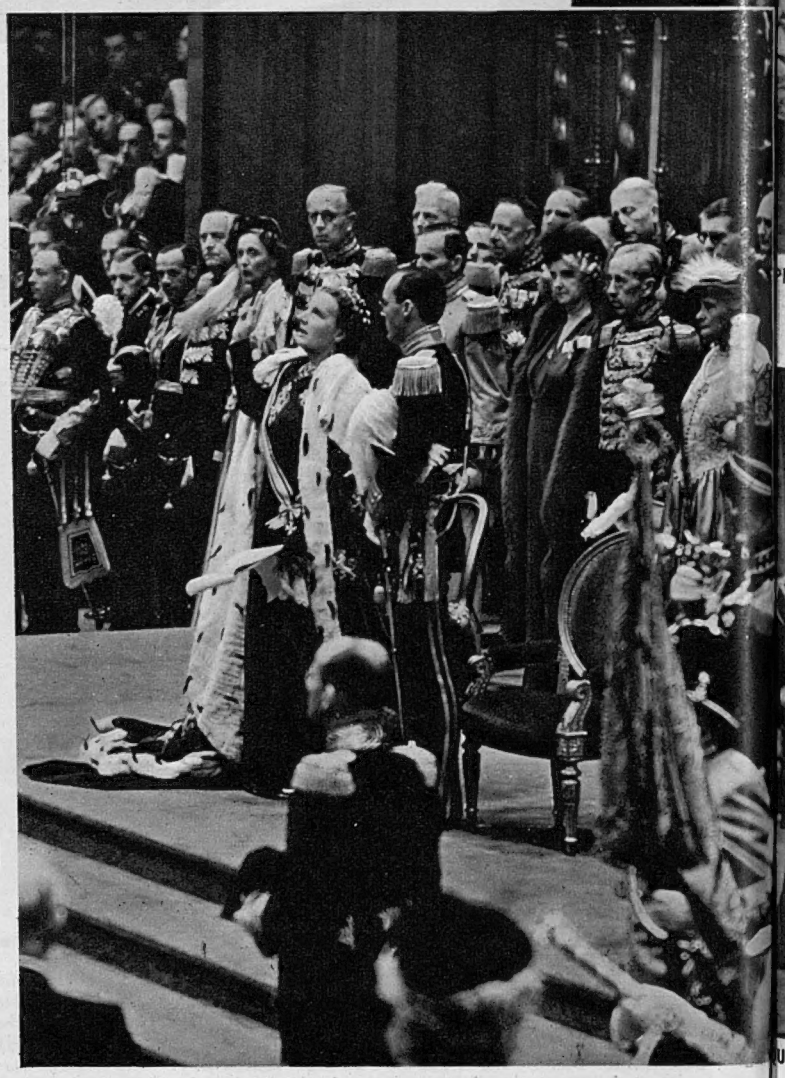
QUEEN JULIANA ADDRESSES THE STATES GENERAL BEFORE TAKING THE OATH : With her Consort, the Prince of the Netherlands, seated beside her, the new Queen pays a tribute to the work of her mother and announces that her first act is to confer on Princess Wilhelmina the Knights Cross of the Willemsorde. The address was delivered sitting down, and then Queen Juliana rose to pronounce the oath

PROCLAIMING QUEEN JULIANA

The Fifth Monarch of the Netherlands Takes the Oath of Fidelity in Amsterdam

Less than a week after Queen Wilhelmina had celebrated her Golden Jubilee and her sixty-eighth birthday in a series of magnificent ceremonies in Amsterdam, the Queen signed the instrument of Abdication, in accordance with her intention announced earlier in the year, and her daughter, Queen Juliana, became accordingly the fifth monarch of the Netherlands and of the Royal House of Orange Nassau. The proclamation of the new Queen took place in the New Church at Amsterdam, where, in a secular ceremony, Queen Juliana addressed both Houses of the States General, herself giving the oath of fidelity and hearing in return the oath of loyalty. The assumption of Royal duties has no religious sanction in the Netherlands, hence the strictly practical nature of the ceremony, nor are the monarchs of the Netherlands crowned. The crown, the sceptre and the orb lie before them when they make their vow to the Constitution.

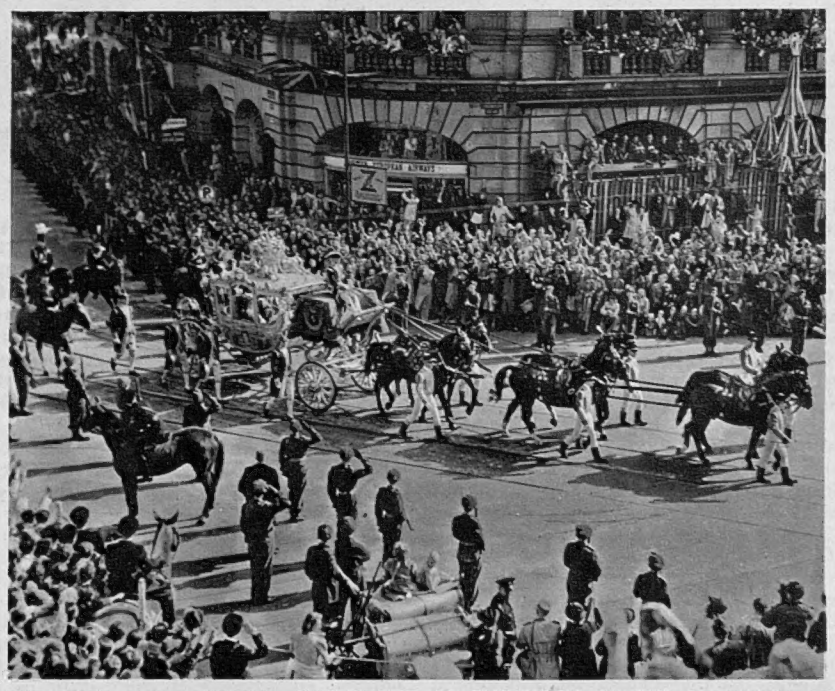
THE PRESIDENT OF THE JOINT ASSEMBLY OF THE STATES GENERAL ADDRESSES THE NEW QUEEN : Dr. Kranenberg (right) making his declaration of allegiance after Queen Juliana had pronounced the oath of fidelity. Following Dr. Kranenberg's declaration every member of the States General raised his hand and swore loyalty



QUEEN JULIANA RAISES HER RIGHT HAND AND PRONOUNCES THE OATH : Sh swore to defend the independence and territory of the Netherland the rights and liberties of her subjects, and to work for the welfare all "as a good king should" (wording of the oath is traditiona

PRINCESS WILHELMINA AND HER GRANDDAUGHTERS HEAR THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION—THE GATHERING IN THE NEW CHURCH FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW REIGN : In the front seats are Princess Wilhelmina, the former Queen, with Princess Armgard, mother of the Prince of the Netherlands, and Princess Irene and Princess Beatrix, Queen Juliana's eldest daughters. Behind them are left to right—Queen Elizabeth (Queen-Mother of the Belgians), Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Crown Princess Martha, Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, Crown Princess Louise, Princess Margaret, and Prince Axel of Denmark

UEEN JULIANA LEAVES THE NEW CHURCH TO BEGIN HER REIGN : Walking on the arm of her Consort, the Prince of the Netherlands, the Queen sets out for the palace after the proclamation ceremony. The ceremony was of a severely practical nature, and although held in a church was secular. This did not rob the occasion of the splendour which is customary on these occasions



THE STATE DRIVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMSTERDAM ON THE AFTERNOON OF PROCLAMATION DAY : The golden State coach in which Queen Juliana, the Prince of the Netherlands, and their children drove for six miles through cheering crowds. The procession was greeted with wild acclamation by the crowds, many of whom had waited all night to witness the Royal progress

KIDNAPPING AS AN INSTRUMENT OF POLICY

Some Heinous Methods Now Very Much in Vogue

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN Sir A. Cadogan told the Security Council that detailed evidence exists of the kidnapping of Trieste citizens, and that this would be presented "should the necessity arise," a well-worn current cliché seemed to fit the bill. What are we waiting for?

That such evidence is held to constitute sufficient ground for handing back the port to Italy, as proposed by the Western Three half a year ago, adds to the puzzling hesitancy.

There have been scores of kidnappings in and around Trieste, where hop-scotch demarcation lines lend themselves to grab-and-bolt. Some are victims of truculent frontier guards looking for trouble in the manner of this class-conscious proletarian age, but more are carried off after being listed as injurious, intentionally or innocently, to Yugoslav pretensions.

Usually only Britons and Americans reappear. Triestinos, Slovenes, Austrians, Italians, are heard of in the form of a faked charge, if at all.

But the evidence of Trieste, complete as it is, does no more than lift a corner of the veil.

The real necessity that has arisen is one of airing the whole chill horror of forced abduction before the United Nations Assembly in Paris. The carrying-off of human beings with impunity—not in "Jujuland" but in "the centre of civilization"—has been allowed to go on unchallenged for far too long, with the effect that it is become an instrument of State policy and a potent weapon in that "cold war" which, in default of a hot one, may decide the party.

Only one side uses the weapon—more reason why it should be branded. Carrying-off by a mixture of stealth and violence may be as old as the cave, running through the historical abduction and the Press Gang, to Miss Blandish. It is a natural growth of Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist totalitarianism. Where the dictatorship of the proletariat has begotten a Minister of the Interior, there it is to be found.

It quickly raises its claw in communities inclining the same way. An instance: Irgun's quintuple kidnapping of Britons in Palestine. Yet it is only when the deed is done against a spectacular cosmopolitan background, that wide attention is aroused. The Soviet's removal of an obscure Russian schoolmistress from a New Jersey farm did the trick where thousands of kidnappings in Europe failed.

The length to which the Lomakins will go to get hold of a body was further limned by the diplomatic vigil round a Russian girl in Stockholm, who didn't want to go home to the sweets and joys of Sovietland. The thing began to appear in its true guise—as a form of mania. The retention of the Russo-British wives is part of the same aberration: they might be used by the foreign plotters were their bodies relinquished.

But forget about mental psychosis in any form when it comes to the hard core of kidnapping in Berlin and Vienna. Rather is there something diabolically cold and calculating about it in each of these occupied capitals, which of themselves provide all the evidence that any world organisation could ever need.

It must be piled high by this time, for two years ago there was already a tidy dossier in Berlin, pointing to one Colonel Markgraf, chief of the city police. I went out on a special commission to enquire into the fellow, having been interested in the Stalingrad prisoners, the use made of some by the Russians, ever since General von Seydlitz introduced them early in 1944. Markgraf is not only one of them; he has gone farther than all the rest of von Paulus's former command, who now administer the Soviet Zone of Germany, act as technicians and civil servants, and maybe, also, are officers and N.C.O.s in waiting.

I gathered what I still believe to be probable—namely, that this former Wehrmacht officer of fifty is liable to be Minister of the Interior, most powerful Cabinet post in Communist-ruled countries, should the Russian set up a German Government in Berlin or Leipzig. As the sacked but still effective police chief of Berlin, Markgraf is currently rounding off his education as a Soviet Stooge, Class One.

He has 5,000 policemen and 30 per cent. of the administrative staff—less than half the paper strength possessed by his adversary, Police Chief Stumm. But the accent is on that word "paper." Not only does Markgraf retain all the dossiers, finger-print files, and records built up since 1945, when the Nazis burnt everything; his men are all Red fanatics or plain thugs, ready to go to any extreme. They know they have the Soviet M.V.D. political police behind them.

Berliners say that M.V.D. methods are the same as the Gestapo's, which accounts for the high value placed on kidnapping both as a means of reinforcing tyranny's grip by selective withdrawals from circulation, and off cowing the multitude into timorous acquiescence in all that is visited on it. Kidnappings are increasing as the blockade drags out. Nearly 2,000 Berliners have disappeared since the summer began. Their families may never know even if they are still alive.

A vivid light was thrown on Markgraf's methods prior to a certain Walter Rothe receiving seven years from the Americans for leasing his fleet of taxis to the Russians as "get-away" cars. Rothe testified that his vehicles were repeatedly used by Russian officers in civilian clothing who kidnapped Germans. The most brazen method was to drive to a house or a flat in daytime, and pull the victim out to the waiting car, which would be "all set" as in a smash-and-grab raid. Sometimes the kidnappers were camouflaged in German or Allied uniforms.

It goes on in the present tense to-day. The "pavement snatch" in a crowded street is by no means unknown. Still, such film shots are hardly encouraged, if things can be done otherwise. As, for example, the quiet luncheon grab. This consists of waiting outside a building until the wanted person comes out, and then bundling him or her into the inevitable car—and away! before onlookers can do a thing, such as might dare.

Then there is the stand-by of demanding an entry in the name of the police in the middle of the night, and bursting down the door if there 's any nonsense. No Berlin or Vienna home is even a fraction of a castle.

After shock tactics comes the lure or bait. Rothe got caught through laying a bait once too often. Rothe was a fast worker, bent on getting rich quick. He couldn't be satisfied with 10,000 marks a month and supplementary rations; he had to enrol his lady friend, Martha Stark, who, in spite of being described as a blonde, must have had something in reserve, for her job was to ring up important Germans and say she tingled with passion for them.

That 's what she said and said again to Dr. Duisberg, who was helping American Intelligence, until finally the good Herr Doktor's suspicions were aroused. He was told to go to it by his employers, and there followed a meeting with Martha in an orchard on the border of the Russo-American sectors; and Martha it was who was carried off.

Some of the lures are wicked. One is to kidnap a child, then to inform whichever of the parents is wanted where he or she can have the child back. When mother or father turns up—*pounce!* Another way is to write a letter saying that such-and-such a person is dying in the Russian sector, care having first been taken to check on the individual mentioned. Markgraf's files, spies and informers tell such things. Yet another ruse is for a bogus husband, son or brother to come back from the dead—Russian internment—and to communicate that he is unfit to go beyond such-and-such a point and must be met by So-and-So. *Pounce* when the inwardly rejoicing relative approaches.

Among those prone to be kidnapped in Berlin are Germans in political and public life, and publicists who have won a position in the Western Sectors. The British have had to remove prominent Germans visiting Berlin as a precaution against their being snatched, and the courage of Berliners who carry on in opposition to, and in face of, the Soviet hold on the city is of the same quality as that which made the Allied resistance movements in time of war.

Here are other types ripe for kidnapping: Germans who are useful to the Western Military Governments; anyone, even a student, known to harbour pronounced anti-Soviet sentiments, and to voice them; Germans wanted so they may act as lure to other Germans (girls are sometimes taken so that their lovers, who are the really wanted ones, shall follow); Berliners who know too much about conditions in the Soviet zone or in Russia itself, and may talk in a manner giving the lie to Soviet propaganda.

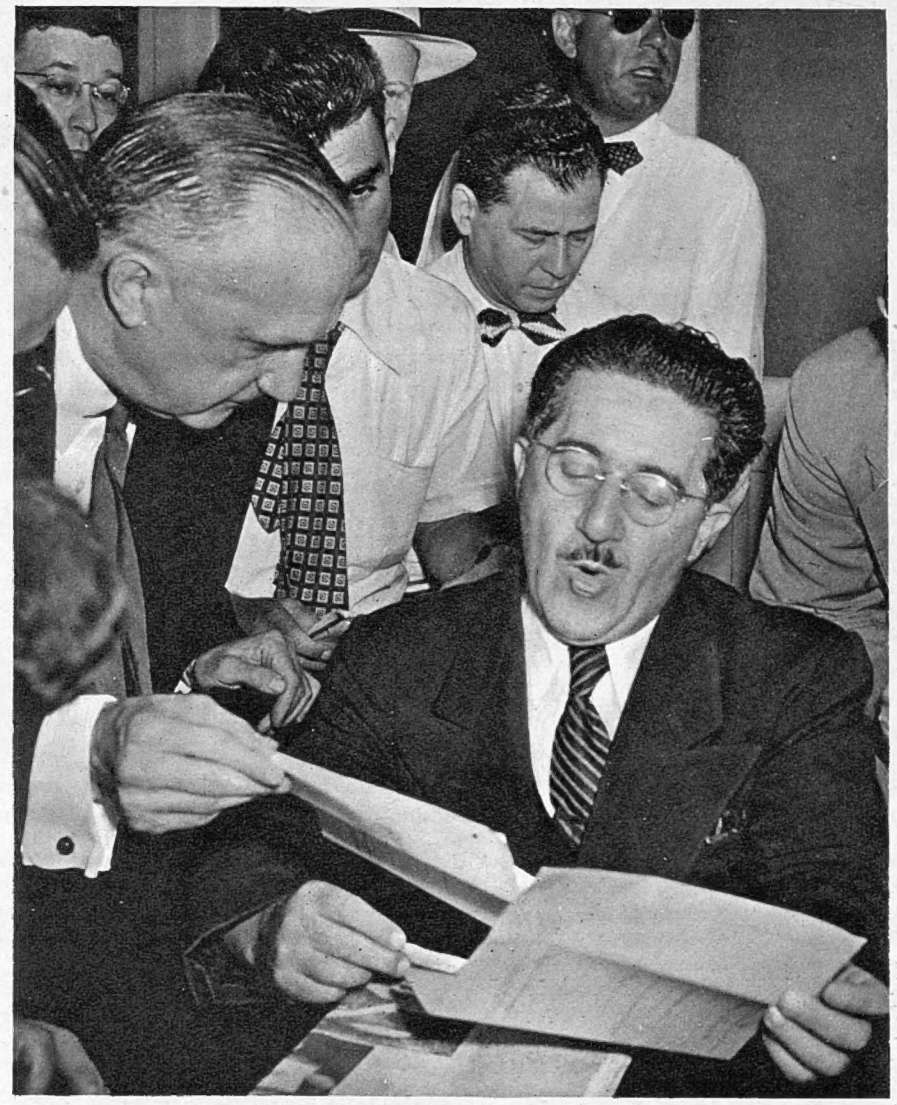
Then there are Germans who are wanted because of their technical, scientific or other qualifications. Some who are badly missed in the life of this crippled Germany have been kidnapped on this score. Nor is it beyond the bounds of possibility that the close guard placed on the German Marshals is a precaution against an enforced "escape" which might render them of value to the Russians in the manner of Paulus.

The classic case in Vienna, where there have been nearly 600 kidnappings since the record was first kept in 1946, is that of a high Austrian official named Marek. Marek had worked with a Russian officer who, he thought, was a friend. He readily responded to a social invitation from his friend. End story.

Among Vienna's kidnapped have been Government officials, working-class men, youthful students of both sexes, Socialists, Catholics and Conservatives. The lure by telephone and letter is common, and friends are usually forced to do the betrayals.

Many Viennese live in fear of sudden suspicion descending on them. All that is needed to deal with a useful subject for deportation is denunciation. There are no sentences any longer, not even trials in such cases.

In one respect Vienna is more risky than Berlin. The former has an international zone in the Inner City round St. Stephen's, and for some to venture therein is to run the risk of being kidnapped by cruising Russians or their bruiser lackeys.



J. V. PETERS AT BAY—THE ALLEGED SECRET HEAD OF THE COMMUNIST NETWORK IN THE UNITED STATES BEING SERVED WITH A SUBPŒNA BY AN INVESTIGATOR OF THE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE IN NEW YORK: Peters has been resident for the past fifteen years in the Borough of Queens, New York, but the Committee has had some difficulty in catching up with him. When they confronted him with Whittaker Chambers on the witness stand, Peters refused to recognise his former Communist colleague on the grounds that he might incriminate himself. Peters gave exactly the same answer to some thirty other questions and proved difficult to "pin down"

THE R.N.L.B. "ELIZABETH RIPPON" PUTTING OUT TO SEA FROM COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, AT THE START OF HER TRIALS: She is the first British lifeboat to be fitted with a deck cabin, and she is the first to use aluminium alloy, instead of wood or mild steel, for the whole superstructure—cabin, mechanic's shelter, mast, and ventilators. This is the eleventh new lifeboat built since the war

A LIFEBOAT WITH A DECK CABIN

The St. Helier Lifeboat on Her Trials at Cowes

The new St. Helier lifeboat, with accommodation for a total of ninety-five people in rough weather, is a remarkable craft and its deck cabin, giving shelter for eleven people and with room for one stretcher case, is an improvement of the first order. In this cabin there is a locker, a chart table, and, perhaps most important of all, the means of cooking. In this boat the coxswain will still be exposed, but in forthcoming models the Royal National Lifeboat Institution intends to enclose the coxswain and the wheel. There is a great deal of new and modified equipment in the *Elizabeth Rippon*, notably the improved searchlight and line-throwing gun

THE CONTROLS WITHIN THE "ELIZABETH RIPPON": An operator at the switch panel of the new lifeboat, which is to go into service at St. Helier, Jersey, operating upon one of the most dangerous stretches of coast in northern waters. "Elizabeth Rippon" had cost £18,000

TWO NEW AND IMPROVED PIECES OF EQUIPMENT: The powerful searchlight of the "Elizabeth Rippon" and the line-throwing gun for making the first contact with vessels in distress. The lifeboat also has radio telephone apparatus, giving communication to the shore

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LIFEBOAT THE ENGINE EXHAUSTS ARE CARRIED UP THE MAST: Through the central tube the gases are allowed to escape well above the heads of the crew. The idea is not new, having been employed in the German merchant service. One of the latest British destroyers has a funnel passing up the mast

BRITAIN LEADS WITH TURBINES

Some of Our New Transports and Other Aviation News

BRITAIN LEADS THE WORLD WITH THE FIRST FOUR-ENGINED AIR-LINER POWERED BY AIRSCREW-DRIVEN GAS-TURBINE ENGINES: The Vickers Viscount banking during a demonstration flight at Weybridge in the presence of the Minister of Supply. It has four Rolls-Royce Dart airscrew turbines and, as these have no reciprocating parts, there is virtually no vibration. The noise level of the Viscount is low

On left—The Vickers Viscount, which was originally intended as a replacement for the Viking over existing medium-range routes throughout the world, will now be used instead to gain experience with all-jet power plants with a view to placing our air-liners on a jet basis. Meanwhile, B.E.A. will replace the Viking with the Airspeed Ambassador. The Viscount, which has an air-pressurised cabin intended for high-altitude operation, has a range up to 1,700 miles and a cruising speed of 325 m.p.h. The Dart delivers 325 lb. static thrust in addition to its 1,000 shaft horse-power

On right—The Handley-Page Hermes is a civil counterpart of the Hastings military transport. The Hermes II formed the basis for the development of the production type Hermes IV, which is shown (on the right) at the start of its maiden flight. The Hermes IV has Bristol Hercules engines and a nose-wheel undercarriage. It accommodates sixty-three passengers. The Hermes ranks with the Avro Tudor and the Bristol Brabazon among the long-range aircraft now being developed in this country. The military version of the Hermes, which also has Hercules engines, is capable of glider towing, freight and troop carrying, paratrooping and ambulance work

HERMES IV TAKES THE AIR: The new Handley-Page air-liner rising from the airfield at Radlett at the start of its first flight. Hermes IV, with a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h. and a range of 3,500 miles, has been ordered by B.O.A.C. for Empire routes. It takes forty passengers

On left—**BRITAIN'S PRIDE—THE WORLD'S FIRST TURBO-JET TRANSPORT: The new jet air-liner, the Nene Viking, arriving at Farnborough for the Ninth Annual Flying Show.** This Viking, the first to be all-jet equipped, recently put up a spectacular performance when flying from London to Paris in 34 mins. and making the return journey in 36 mins. The flight was almost free of vibration, and in every way satisfactory. The equipment of the Viking with jets followed close on a successful experiment in fitting a four-engined Lancastrian with two Nene engines placed in the outer nacelles and two reciprocating engines in the inner nacelles

THE A.W. 52 WINGS ITS WAY TOWARDS FARNBOROUGH: The Armstrong-Whitworth flying wing, officially known as the TS 368, seen as it was about to come in to land, and to assemble with other aircraft in readiness for the Air Show organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. The first of the A.W. 52's was fitted with Rolls-Royce Nene engines. The others have had Derwents

On left—British turbine-powered aircraft, the prototypes for the air-liners of the immediate future, have been appearing with regularity during the past twelve months, and at the Farnborough display at least ten machines with turbine power were on view. Of these the Nene Viking and the Vickers Viscount are both in the realm of practical propositions, while the A.W. 52, depicted herewith, is really one of those machines in the exploratory vanguard of development. The A.W. 52 made its first demonstration flight in December 1947 over Bitteswell Aerodrome, Rugby, when it gave a graceful and impressive display at speeds in the region of 500 m.p.h. The purpose of this experimental all-wing type is to provide sufficient information to allow of the building of 100-ton tailless air-liners capable of cruising above the weather at speeds in the neighbourhood of 500 m.p.h.

A NEW TRAINING AIRCRAFT FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: The Athena, with its Armstrong-Siddeley Mamba airscrew turbine engine, has been built to one of the latest R.A.F. specifications for training machines, and provides realistic conditions for advanced pupils. The Athena has three seats and full instrumentation and equipment. These three seats account for the large cockpit. Other service trainers now being used with success are the Boulton Paul Balliol, also powered with a Mamba engine, and the Gloster Meteor trainer with two Rolls-Royce Derwent turbo jets

THE WORLD'S FIRST ALL-JET FOUR-ENGINED CIVIL TRANSPORT: Another member of Britain's fast-growing turbine family, the Avro Tudor VIII. The machine is seen making its initial test flight from the factory airfield of A. V. Roe and Company at Woodford, Cheshire. With Mr. James Orrell, the company's chief test pilot, at the controls, the machine was flown to the Aircraft and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down, Hampshire. It flew from Woodford to Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, a distance of about 105 miles, in 20 mins. Last week the Tudor VIII was on view at the ninth annual show of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. The Tudor VIII has been built for the Ministry of Supply for research into the high-altitude performance of jet-propelled aircraft and into pressurisation systems. Powered by four Rolls-Royce Nene turbo-jet engines, it has a service ceiling of 44,000 ft. Cruising speed at 25,000 ft. is 350 miles an hour. The aircraft, which has the same dimensions as the Tudor IV—span of 120 ft., length 85 ft. 3 in., and height 24 ft.—has an all-up weight of 80,000 lb.

AMERICA'S LATEST NAVAL AIRCRAFT FOR CARRIER OPERATION: The North American Aviation XAJ 1 has completed successfully its initial flight at the Company's Los Angeles plant. It is much faster and able to carry a heavier bomb-load than present carrier types. The XAJ 1 is powered by two Pratt and Whitney double Wasp reciprocating engines located under the wings, and one General Electric-Allison turbo-jet engine in the tail of the fuselage. The new high-wing plane carries a crew of three in a pressurised cockpit. Other features include tricycle landing gear and folding wing and tail sections. The outer wing panels fold inboard and the vertical tail section folds horizontally to provide easy handling and deck maintenance for the carrier-borne plane. It will use its reciprocating engines for normal operations, and the pilot will be able to bring in the jet for added speed

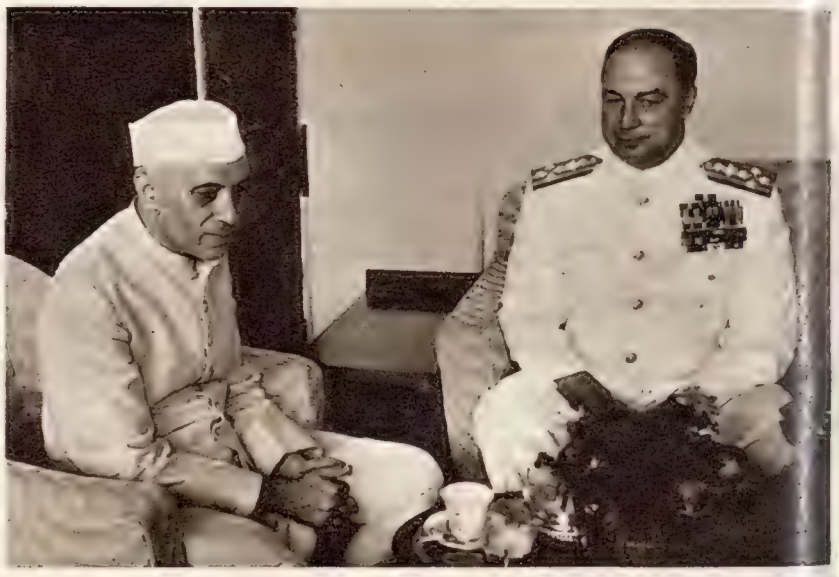
THIS IS THE AMERICAN NAVY'S PRIDE AND JOY: The "Caroline Mars," largest operational plane in the United States Naval Air Force, taxi-ing towards the shore after landing on Lake Michigan to complete a record-breaking flight from Honolulu. The giant cargo carrier covered 4,748 miles non-stop

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF COUNTESS EDDA: A photographer (right) accosts the daughter of the late Benito Mussolini and widow of Count Ciano as she strolls in the Piazza Fiume, Milan, with Pietro Capuano, the son of a Neapolitan jeweller. On September 1 Countess Edda and Pietro Capuano arrived in Rome, where they were besieged by Pressmen seeking confirmation or denial of the rumours that the Countess had married a certain Count Baruboli in November 1947. Other rumours declared that she was married to Capuano, in whose Capri villa she lived for some time before she recovered the property seized by the Italian Government. At the station Countess Edda issued an angry denial: "Enough of these stories," she snapped. "All I have to say I told your colleagues in Milan on my return from Switzerland"

THE RELEASE OF DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT: Hitler's financial expert with his wife, Nancy Schacht, in the Stuttgart apartment of their lawyer a few hours after Schacht's release from Ludwigsberg internment camp. Schacht was acquitted by a Stuttgart de-Nazification Appeal Court on September 1 after appealing against an eight-year sentence of hard labour imposed upon him by a de-Nazification court following his acquittal in the Nuremberg war crimes trial. It is reported that he intends to reside at Degesten, a small village near Bremen, where his wife rents a two-room hut for forty-five marks a month. The findings of the German court of appeal have aroused considerable indignation among German de-Nazification authorities, and among those who were persecuted under the Nazi regime. They say the decision virtually marks the end of de-Nazification in Western Germany

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

The Re-emergence of Countess Edda and Dr. Schacht: A Great Youth Gathering in Rome



PANDIT NEHRU RECEIVES ADMIRAL CONNOLLY: The Prime Minister of the Indian Dominion with the C.-in-C. of the U.S. Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean. During the visit of the American naval forces to India, Admiral Connolly met members of Mr. Nehru's Cabinet and Service chiefs

TEL AVIV TO MOSCOW—ISRAEL'S ENVOY TO SOVIET RUSSIA SETS OUT FROM THE ISRAELI CAPITAL: Mrs. Goldie Meyerson waving good-bye from her plane as she set off to take up her new appointment. The Soviet Minister to Israel was among those at the airport to see the new envoy off. Mrs. Meyerson was formerly head of the political department of the Jewish Agency. Special interest attaches to her appointment in that Soviet-Israeli relations are of the closest in view of Moscow's swift recognition of the new Palestinian State, coinciding with the no less swift recognition that came from the United States

AN ATTEMPT TO BRING SOME ORDER INTO THE CHINESE ECONOMY: A throng of Chinese jostling at the counters of a Shanghai bank on the first day of issue of the new currency. The exchange was set at 3,000,000 dollars in old yuan for one new gold yuan, and the new gold yuan is fixed at the rate of four to one U.S. dollar and twelve to one British pound. Long before the banks opened, the streets outside were crowded and this despite the fact that the Government is allowing three months for the exchange into new currency. One effect of the reform has been to steady the prices of necessities—cereals, cloth and vegetables—but prices of imported goods continue to rise

ITALIAN GIRLHOOD RALLIES : The great parade in which 250,000 girls throughout Italy marched through Rome on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Young Women of the Catholic Action Movement

THE POPE GIVES HIS BLESSING AND A WARNING : His Holiness borne on the gestatorial chair, and accompanied by high dignitaries of the Papal Court, as he came out of the Vatican to bless the 250,000 girls who converged in St. Peter's Square to hear his address on the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Young Women of Catholic Action. "Beware" he said "of erroneous doctrines and fallacious illusions." The ceremonies in Rome lasted three days, and evidenced the new militant spirit by which Roman Catholic youth is being marshalled to defend itself against the Communist challenge. During the celebrations the girls received Communion from 600 priests

THE COUNTRY FOLK PAY TRIBUTE TO THE CO-FOUNDER OF THE CZECH REPUBLIC : The long line of mourners waiting to enter the grounds of Dr. Benes's home at Sezimovo Usti, where they filed past the casket containing the body of the late President. Some 25,000 people took part in this act of homage, which was followed three days later by the official funeral

MRS. HANA BENES AT THE SEZIMOVO USTI CEREMONIES : The widow of the late President placing a spray of flowers on the casket which, during the lying-in-state, was guarded by soldiers and members of the Sokol Movement. There were heart-rending scenes before and during the funeral, many people weeping unrestrainedly

THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE VILLA AT SEZIMOVO USTI : Mourners filing past the casket in which lay the body of the late Dr. Benes. The subsequent funeral in Prague had several unusual features. Only a small Sokol delegation was allowed, much to the indignation of the thousands of members who had come to the capital to pay their last homage, while, instead of soldiers, members of the works militia, in plain clothes and standing shoulder to shoulder, provided the guard along the processional route through Prague. It was understood that the military were being kept in reserve in case of an emergency. Mr. Zapotocky, who delivered the valedictory address, took the theme that the forces of reaction had wanted to use Dr. Benes's funeral for anti-state purposes. He also stressed the fact that the dead President had always stood for co-operation with the Soviet and had signed the nationalisation decrees

THE FLORIDA BUILDING BOOM GOES ON : With the autumn season approaching, new hotels are springing up in Miami and old hotels are being made ready for the influx of visitors from the north. One of the largest hotels under construction is the Saxony (centre), which is flanked by the Robert Richter Hotel (left) and the Sea Isle Hotel. These hotels face the sea and represent a new high-water-mark in luxury. Miami has not been more prosperous since the 1920's boom

COMMUNIST-LED RIOTERS STORM THROUGH THE IRON GATES AT THE ENTRANCE TO BERLIN CITY HALL BENT ON THE DISRUPTION OF THE MEETING OF THE CITY ASSEMBLY, ALREADY THRICE POSTPONED: This was how they attacked the Magistrat (headquarters of the executive body responsible for the administration) in the Neues Stadthaus, and made it impossible for the Assembly to start its deliberations. The Neues Stadthaus lies in the Russian sector of Berlin, and in consequence is within the area of, and at the tender mercies of, the Markgraf police force, which is Russian-dominated and aided by Russian troops. In view of the situation, the three democratic parties in the Assembly were forced, although with reluctance, to meet in the British sector

The STORMING of the MAGISTRAT

The Attempt at Mob Rule in Berlin

The attacks on the Magistrat and the City Assembly, which lie within the Soviet Sector of Berlin, were obviously Russian-inspired, and it was as a result of them that most of the Assembly members decided to meet in the British Sector, where they would have some respite from molestation. This move, in some ways a confession of weakness, was, of course, hailed by the Berlin Communists as another victory "of the streets," a triumph for their policy of mob-rule which they hope will, in the old, familiar manner, eventually give them complete control of the Prussian capital, minority though they may be. At the time of writing, three attempts to disrupt Assembly meetings have been made. The most serious aspect of the whole situation is perhaps the existence of the Markgraf police, who assist the Communists or stand idly by while Communists are doing their fell work

DR. FRIEDENSBURG MAKES A STATEMENT: Berlin's Acting Burgomaster, who has been carrying on in the absence of Frau Schroeder, giving his views on the crisis at a Berlin Press Conference following the third attempt by Communists to disrupt the work of and prevent the meeting of the Assembly, a democratically elected body with a Communist minority

COMMUNISTS INFILTRATE FROM THE REAR OF THE NEUES STADTHAUS: While their colleagues were storming the front gates and some of them were gaining admission with passes issued by the Communist councillors, this small gathering of Communists approached from the rear. Dr. Friedensburg attempted a defence with specially-recruited helpers

THE LEADER OF THE BERLIN COMMUNISTS: Karl Litke speaking at a Press Conference held in the Neues Stadthaus, when he attempted to justify the action of the Communists. Litke had to face some hostile questions from newspaper correspondents

NON-COMMUNIST MEMBERS OF THE BERLIN CITY ASSEMBLY MEET IN THE BRITISH ZONE: Addressing the meeting in the Taberna Academica is Dr. Suhr, chairman of the Council of Elders, who summoned the meeting on his own responsibility, stating that he could follow no other course of action in view of the three Russian-inspired attempts to disrupt the meetings at the Neues Stadthaus. The members of the Socialist Unity Party were given the opportunity of attending at the Taberna Academica, but naturally refused to do so

THE BESIEGED AND THE BESIEGERS—TWO ASPECTS OF THE ATTACK UPON THE MAGISTRAT IN THE NEUES STADTHAUS: *Left*—Some of Dr. Friedensburg's assistants attempting to stop the Communist mob from forcing their way into the building. These assistants wore armbands bearing the word "Magistrat," but they had little authority. *Right*—The gathering besiegers and some spectators at the rear of the Neues Stadthaus

SOVIET SECTOR POLICE GATHER OUTSIDE THE MAGISTRAT: A few minutes after this picture was taken these Markgraf police, so called because they are ruled by Herr Markgraf, a Communist tool of the Russians, arrested twenty members of the recognised police force and took them away to the Russian headquarters. These Markgraf police were assisted by Russian troops. Twenty-four hours later the arrested men were still in custody. Following these events anti-communist demonstrators were in action at the Brandenburg gate, their activities leading the Russians to open fire. It was the biggest gathering in Berlin since Nazi days

THE OPENING OF THE EIGHTIETH ANNUAL TRADES UNION CONGRESS IN THE WINTER GARDENS AT MARGATE: A general view of the scene as Miss Florence Hancock addressed the 860 delegates from 188 trade unions representing a total of 8,000,000 workers. Of the many proposals before the Congress by far the most important were those relating to the development of the resources of British industry, securing a higher level of productivity and greater efficiency. Sir Stafford Cripps was the principal speaker at the Congress

MARGATE IS HOST TO THE T.U.C.

The Representatives of 8,000,000 Workers Meet for the Eightieth Annual Trades Union Congress

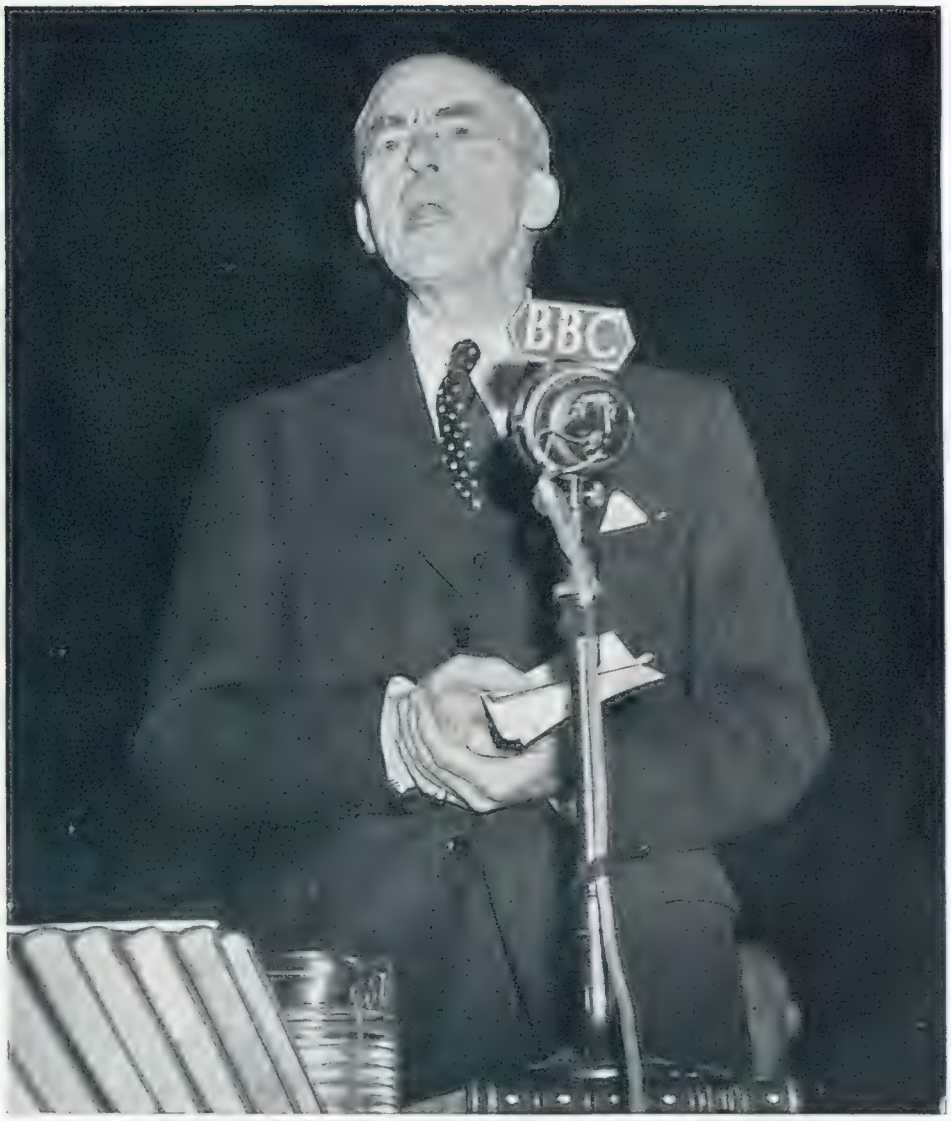
MISS FLORENCE HANCOCK OPENS THE CONGRESS: The President delivering her inaugural address in the presence of the Mayor of Margate, Alderman W. J. Perkins. In her address Miss Hancock referred to the relationship between the T.U.C. and the World Federation of Trade Unions, and later in the week Mr. Arthur Deakin, the President of that Federation, delivered a slashing attack upon it, declaring that in his view the W.F.T.U. was becoming nothing more than an instrument for the furtherance of Soviet policy

MR. SHINWELL WAS THERE: The Secretary of Sta for War, who spoke as a fraternal delegate the Labour Party, assessed the Governmen achievement in relation to nationalisation, a declared that in future "they should not b afraid to exercise a higher measure of directio in the conduct of privately-owned industry

THAT AFTER-DINNER FEELING : Delegates, alert and otherwise, in the hall of the Winter Gardens, Margate, as Sir Stafford Cripps addressed the Congress on the need for more productivity

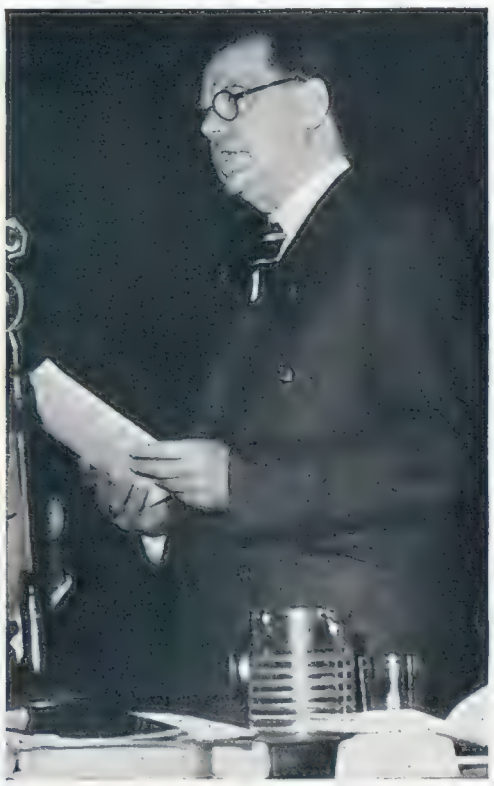
CONGRESS INTERLUDE : Miss Rose Carr, who received the gold badge for trade union work, offers a cigarette to a fellow-delegate, Mr. P. Belcher, during a break between sessions at the T.U.C. Congress. Margate was looking its best in bright autumn sunshine

When Labour achieved its first full measure of authority in 1945, and was vested with all the responsibility of power, the conclaves of the Party and the affiliated trade unions inevitably took on a new note. The old tub-thumping days were over, the battle cries and slogans of the streets had to give place to a new, more authoritative outlook. That outlook was particularly apparent at the Eightieth Annual Trades Union Congress at Margate last week, and it was significant that the great problem of the Conference should have been how to make British industry more productive. There was, however, an undercurrent, and it was obvious that the T.U.C. Executive won only a temporary and uneasy victory over the rank and file on its wage-freeze policy. If Sir Stafford made it plain to the T.U.C. that we must have more output per man per shift, the delegates made it plain to Sir Stafford that they must see a sensible reduction in the cost of living if they are not to press, with all their old vigour, for higher wages. There the matter for the moment rests, and it must have seemed to Sir Stafford that if he went to Margate to preach, he returned to London having received a quite unmistakable mandate



"LET US THROW ALL OUR ENERGIES AND BRAINS INTO A DETERMINED ATTACK UPON PRODUCTIVITY" : Thus spoke Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he addressed the delegates in what was really the keynote speech of the Congress. After an address that was clear, direct and instructive, Sir Stafford received long applause. "Either we must use more muscle or more brain, and I am in favour of more brain," declared the Chancellor. "I would rather see the introduction of new methods and new machinery than longer hours of work. We have got to use our brains—all of us. We must use our brains in the direction of higher productivity, including removal of all old-fashioned regulations that could hamper efficiency. In that, both sides of industry can help"

SOME OF THE 860 DELEGATES OF 188 TRADE UNIONS : A general view of the auditorium during the T.U.C. Congress. The temper of the meetings was moderate throughout, except on such vital issues as Communist infiltration within the trade unions and the necessity for the reduction of commodity prices. If prices do not come down during this autumn delegates made it clear that they will press vigorously for higher wages



VORTEX OF THE STORM : Edward J. Volz, fraternal delegate to the Congress from the American Federation of Labour, making his attack upon Communist activities. Mr. Volz, whose allegations aroused opposition among delegates, accused the Communists of attempting to sabotage the European Recovery Programme, and said Communists devitalise unions to further "the destructive purposes of the Communist Party and its masters behind the Iron Curtain." Several delegates who objected to Volz' remarks were shouted down and drowned by applause, and the speaker had to pause until the din subsided

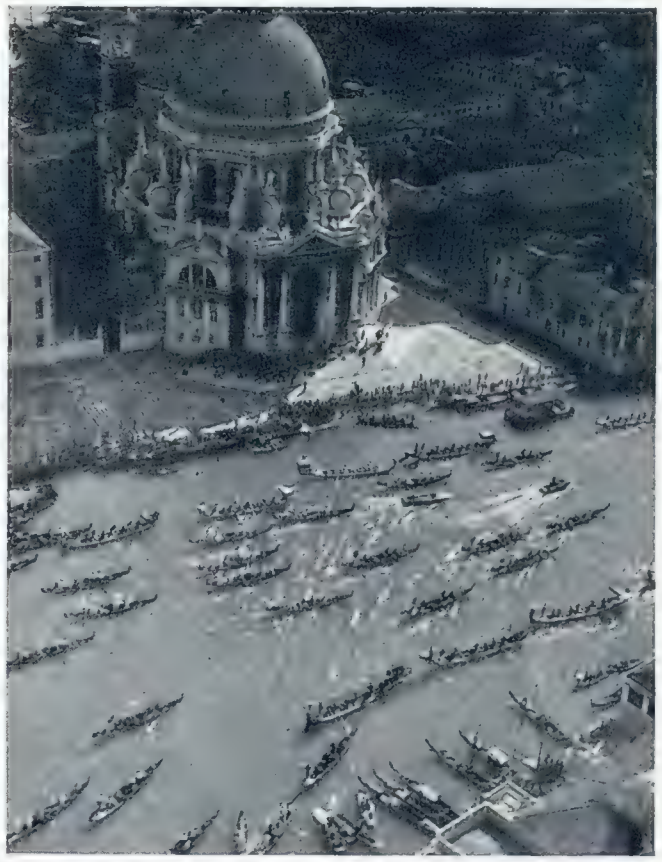
Contrasts in Northern Italy

FLOOD HAVOC IN PIEDMONT; AND THE VENICE GONDOLA REGATTA

Heavy and continuous rains in early September caused the breaking of river banks and the flooding of areas in Switzerland and Northern Italy. In the Piedmont area of Northern Italy, close to the River Po, which had been swollen by its tributaries, flood-waters caused damage which has been assessed at £7,500,000. In Asti, there were thirteen casualties when flood-swept dwellings crashed in on their occupants. As the flood-waters poured through the towns and villages, railway and road communications were suspended. After the flood-waters had subsided, workmen brought hoses to wash damaged and muddy furniture

IN THE WAKE OF THE FLOOD—DESTRUCTION AND HAVOC IN THE ASTI DISTRICT OF PIEDMONT, NORTHERN ITALY: The twisted permanent way on the railway between Asti and Chiavasso with its foundation washed away. *On left*—A railway line left high and dry after its banks had been washed away by the devastating early September floods. A death-roll of eighty has been estimated in the flood area

THE GREAT ANNUAL FESTIVAL IN VENICE: All sorts of craft crowded the canal for the procession. During the regatta the gondoliers group their craft, according to size and type, and each section races down the canal. The winners receive prizes from "the fairest lady present." The festival is in celebration of the Feast of the Redemption, and is held on the first Sunday in September



VENICE EN FETE—A PICTURESQUE SCENE ON THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE GONDOLA REGATTA: The procession of the gondolas

One of the most colourful annual festivals in Italy is the Gondola Regatta in Venice The regatta originated during the thirteenth century after the ruling Doge had watched a procession of colourfully draped gondolas stream across the bay in honour of the Feast of the Assumption. He then decided that a feast day should be held essentially for the gondoliers. For the regatta the gondoliers put on their finest costumes, decorate their gondolas, and pass in a long file in front of the specially erected platform accommodating the leading dignitaries.

On right—**TRIUMPH:** The two brothers Derossi were the winners of the gondola race down the canal

The Camera Records

A 25-oz. BABY; A HURRICANE and "LIGHTNING WATCHING"

The normal weight of a baby at birth is from 7 lb. to 8 lb. During the month of August the scales of maternity wards in several countries were recording weights which were far from normal. From Italy came the news of a nineteen-year-old girl who gave birth to a baby weighing 17 lb. 10 ozs., while in England a child was born prematurely after the death of its mother. This baby weighed 2 lb. 15 ozs. At Los Angeles, in California, a girl was born three months prematurely and for thirteen days the nurses would not pick her up for weighing. Her first recorded weight was 1 lb. 5 ozs., and she gained 4 ozs. after another thirteen days. She is the daughter of Florence and Warren Newton of Los Angeles

ON HER TWENTY-SIXTH DAY SHE WEIGHED ONLY 25 OZS.: Mildred Viola Newton, the smallest of nineteen infants under 4 lb. now thriving in incubators at the General Hospital, Los Angeles. Mildred was born twelve weeks prematurely, and could not be weighed for thirteen days

"LIGHTNING WATCHING" AT THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK—RECORDING INFORMATION TO IMPROVE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT DURING STORMS: A photograph of lightning, taken during the experiments, showing a series of impulses associated with each lightning stroke. The arrow in the lower left corner shows where the oscillographs began recording the currents of the strokes

In order to improve electrical equipment against damaging jolts of lightning shocks, John Alger, a twenty-year-old college man of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been watching lightning at the Empire State Building, New York. The Empire State was chosen for the study because it is actually a "lightning rod" for structures within a third of a mile radius. The most important objects of the lightning rod or conductor are to clear electricity from passing clouds and to prevent its occurrence in the neighbourhood, or else to convey the lightning flash to the earth without damage to the building to which it is attached. Lightning to the layman appears as a single jagged stroke, but the photographs taken by the camera location of John Alger, on Fifth Avenue, record a series of impulses in each stroke. Oscillographs recorded the currents of the lightning strokes

THE HEART OF A HURRICANE: This unusual picture of the heart of a hurricane, was made from a U.S. aeroplane engaged in a reconnaissance flight to trace the course of a storm which moved slowly up the Atlantic coast in the general direction of Charleston, South Carolina. Directly ahead of the aeroplane, which has already penetrated the swirling mass, characteristic of this type of major natural disturbance, is a huge thunderhead, technically called a cumulus nimbus cloud. In the lower left-hand corner of the picture heavy rain can be seen falling. The darker area at the bottom is the ocean

A PART OF NATURE'S PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY—LIGHTNING AS SEEN BY THE ORDINARY MAN: This is what John Alger "watched" from his camera location on Fifth Avenue

LARGELY FROM LONDON

A Pictorial Survey of the Home News

THE DISMANTLING OF CHELSEA'S TEMPORARY BRIDGE: Work in progress on the removal of the structure connecting Battersea Park with the Chelsea Embankment. The bridge, which was set up as an emergency measure and is of the same pattern as the temporary bridge lately removed at Lambeth, was intended to take cross-river traffic in the event of neighbouring Albert Bridge or Chelsea Bridge being bombed. Even tanks and heavy artillery units could have made the river passage. The span has been bought by the Crown Agents for the Colonies, and it is to be re-erected in Uganda, where a £16,000,000 development scheme is now in progress. The Chelsea Bridge was never used, even by pedestrians

PREPARING THE NEW ROYAL HOME: Clarence House, St. James's, the future London residence of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, will probably be ready for the Royal couple by the New Year. Work is "progressing satisfactorily," and all the windows and ceilings, damaged by bomb-blast, have now been repaired, and painters are at work on the outside. Inside, workmen have not yet finished installing the hot-water and lighting systems, and the interior decorators have yet to take over. It is understood that the work in all will cost some £50,000. Clarence House was built in 1825 for the Duke of Clarence, who later became King William IV, and it then passed into the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh. On the Duke of Edinburgh's death it went to Victoria's third son the Duke of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth's great-great-uncle

PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA CELEBRATES HIS TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY: The ex-King and ex-Queen Alexandra attending Mass at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, where they sat in the place of honour at the entrance to the choir. Holy Trinity was lent to the Serbian Orthodox Church for the occasion, and the Bishop of Dalmatia conducted the ceremony. Only two days before, King Peter had arrived at Northolt from Paris, and his wife journeyed to London from Monaco, where she was staying with their son. During his stay in England, ex-King Peter has been visiting camps housing Yugoslav voluntary workers, and he made contact with many ardent supporters of the Karageorgevitch dynasty, of which he is head. The ex-King was born at Belgrade in 1923, the son of the ill-fated Alexander I, who was assassinated at Marseilles in October 1934 when driving down the Cannebière with Foreign Minister Barthou at the start of a State visit

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS PAYS A VISIT TO PENTONVILLE: The Chancellor of the Exchequer being greeted on arrival at the prison, where he delivered an address on the nation's financial position. The Chancellor's lecture was one of a series organised in English prisons by Mrs. Field, who represents North Paddington on the London County Council. The lecture, which was loudly applauded, was heard by more than 650 men, who gathered for the occasion in the Pentonville Chapel

THE SITE FOR LONDON'S LATEST POWER STATION: The Import Dock, in the West India Dock area, has been drained of water and is being cleaned out prior to the start of building operations. Several new power stations are now rising along the river, the most advanced being at Kingston, which will soon be contributing its grid quota

SPEEDING THE LIFEBOAT: The "Abdy Beauclerk" being taken round on the new turntable on the foreshore at Aldeburgh, where a new slipway has been constructed to facilitate the launching and beaching of the vessel at any state of the tide. Owing to heavy and continuous erosion on this part of the East Anglian coast, Aldeburgh is one of the most difficult beaches from which to operate a lifeboat service

WHENCE ALL BUT SHE HAD FLED: Here, standing determinedly in her garden, ringed round by the masts and funnels of the Blyth shipyard, Newcastle, eighty-year-old Mrs. Catherine Storey is holding up a £1,000,000 development scheme. Mrs. Storey owns and lives in a four-roomed house right in the heart of the dockyard area, and in spite of offers of up to £3,000, she has refused to sell

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH HOLDS A PARTY IN THE CLOSING WEEK OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: Mme. and Rafael Kubelik (left), Rudolf Bing, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Vittorio and Mme. Gui, and Paolo Silveri at an informal sherry party in the Scottish capital. Vittorio Gui acted with Fürtwangler and Molinari as one of the conductors of the popular Augusteo Orchestra. His concert on Sunday, September 12, consisted largely of a programme of Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart

SURVEYING THE PONIES AT BARNET HORSE FAIR: The Fair, which always takes place in September, was once one of the largest in England. It lost something of its importance when the railway made Barnet increasingly less vital as a coaching-point. There are still good opportunities for the coster to find a useful pony at the Fair, and many an old-timer in the costering business treks out from London's East End when Fair day comes along

HISTORY in STONE

Houses, Ancient and Modern, in the News

THE CUSTODIAN OF THE PYX: Mr. E. Brown opening one of the ancient doors, each with three locks, at the entrance to the eleventh-century chapel and Treasury. One of the doors is lined with human skin

THE PYX REOPENED—ONCE THE KING'S TREASURY, THE ELEVENTH-CENTURY CHAPEL, ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT PARTS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, HAS AGAIN BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO THE PUBLIC: This stone chamber of Norman arches and the remains of an altar of the time of Edward the Confessor still holds two enormous oak chests said to have contained the treasure. On the lids are written names in ancient writing. The chapel is one side of the main cloisters and is entered by double doors, each 6 ins. thick with three locks. Inside the chamber is a high wooden platform on which guards were said to have been mounted to watch the treasure chests. It was from this chapel that treasure to the amount of £2,000,000 was (with the connivance of the monks) stolen in 1303

ANOTHER OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES TO BECOME A SCHOOL: The Colonnade (left) and the music-room (centre) on the terrace of Walhampton House, Lymington, which has been sold with a view to its conversion into a boys' school.

THE OBELISK TO ADMIRAL SIR HARRY BURRARD NEALE: It stands on Mount Pleasant, opposite to the town of Lymington, and is a reminder of the great captain's long-standing association with Walhampton and Lymington

WALHAMPTON AND ITS SAILOR LORD OF THE MANOR

The news that Walhampton House has been bought with a view to its conversion into a boys' school brings to mind one of the great sea captains of the Napoleonic era. Walhampton was for many years the home of Sir Harry Burrard Neale, M.P. for Lymington, and the great obelisk which still stands on Mount Pleasant, about five miles from Walhampton, testifies to the esteem in which he was held in the neighbourhood. In 1797, when in command of the *San Fiorenzo*, Sir Harry captured the French frigates *Resistance* and *Constance* off Brest. Time and time again in the years of peril that followed, Sir Harry was engaged in brushes with the French, and his action in the 98-gun ship *London*, when he made Admiral Linois's flagship strike her colours was a memorable encounter in the year after Trafalgar

DESTINED TO BE A BOYS' SCHOOL: Another view of Walhampton House, which is reported to have changed hands for £40,000. Of its many owners, undoubtedly the most distinguished was Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale

SECURING THE FUTURE OF WICKHAM COURT—A REAR VIEW OF THE FINE OLD HOUSE NEAR WEST WICKHAM WHICH IS TO BE MADE THE SUBJECT OF A PRESERVATION ORDER: Kent County Council have agreed in principle to the proposed drafting of the order after considering a report stating that the building has a number of features internally of considerable architectural interest. Wickham Court was built by Sir Henry Heydon about 1480 on the site of an ancient manor house. The Court is built in the form of a square with an octagonal tower at each corner. Originally the windows were placed only in the inner walls facing on to a central courtyard, but eventually the courtyard was roofed in and the present mullioned windows built into the outer walls where previously only weapon slits for defence appeared. Several additions were made to Wickham Court during the reign of Charles I, including the fine existing porchway with its massive oak nail-studded door. There are two secret tunnels, long since caved in, which ran from the Court, one westwards in the direction of Hayes and the other eastwards towards Addington. Sir Henry Heydon married Anne, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Boleyn and aunt of Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII. After changing hands many times Wickham Court came into the possession of the Lennard family, who owned it for 300 years until the Court was sold in 1932 and was later modified for use as a hotel. In 1939 it was requisitioned by the War Office and has but recently been de-requisitioned

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO WICKHAM COURT: A view of the original portion of the building which is being made the subject of a preservation order. During the war it was at one time the headquarters of an anti-aircraft unit with batteries on Hayes Common

A NEW HOUSING ESTATE IN NORTH LONDON: The first tenants are about to be chosen from a waiting list of over 170,000 applicants at County Hall, for this L.C.C. £2,000,000 housing colony at Woodberry Down, Stoke Newington. Originally the aim of the L.C.C. was to provide homes there for some thousands of overcrowded slum dwellers, but tenants will now be selected according to the proved urgency of their needs with regard to the usual priorities. Their homes will be in great blocks of flats. Two of the tallest eight-storey blocks are now nearing completion, and the Council has recently approved the erection of two similar blocks in monolithic concrete at a cost of £265,451. The rents of these new luxury flats inclusive of rates and water will be: one room, 12s. 9d.; two rooms, 17s. to 17s. 10d.; three rooms, 21s. 3d. to 22s. 1d.; four rooms, 25s. 10d. to 26s. 4d.

ARTISTS FROM AUSTRALIA HAVE MADE THIS A HOME FROM HOME: The Abbey, New Barnet, has been converted from a religious institution into an artist's colony and now has a fine array of studios

DEREK KING IN HIS STUDIO: An artist from New South Wales putting the finishing touches to one of his pictures

AN ABBEY ART COLONY

Nearly two years ago William Ohly, an art connoisseur and the owner of a gallery, bought the Abbey at New Barnet, founding there an artist's colony where youthful painters and sculptors—mostly Australians—now work, eat, sleep and paint. Some of the work being achieved at the Abbey is of a high standard, and Derek King, of Sydney, is one of its most promising artists. He has just left for Porquenelles, off the south coast of France, where he will spend a year engaged in painting

FOOD FOR THOUGHT IN AN EXPANDING WORLD

A Washington Conference to Plan Production

By CHARLES GRAVES

A CONFERENCE of vital importance to all of us is due to be convened in Washington in a matter of weeks. It will decide what expansion is possible in global food production, how many tractors, tons of fertiliser, thousands of farm instruments are required, and how much money the International Bank is prepared to provide over and above the 5,000,000 dollars a year which is all that is guaranteed at the moment.

Many people in this country have heard lately of the World Food Council, although most of us will recall the gloomy prognostications of Sir John Boyd Orr as to a possible world famine in the comparatively near future. The fact is that the basic idea of encouraging agriculture throughout the world, no matter where, dates back to 1933, when sixty nations took part in an Economic Conference in London. This was at the tail-end of the world slump, and its object was to solve the problems of the world.

Nothing was done except for the promulgation of the principle that the only way to stop future international slumps was to restrict production. Mr. S. M. Bruce, the former Prime Minister of Australia and now Viscount Bruce, delivered an impassioned speech on this occasion, in which he said that the eyes of the world were on the Conference, that millions of people were hungry and out of work, and that if the only solution for the grave international situation was to restrict production and put still more people out of work, the world was heading for Communism, Nazism and Fascism. Not surprisingly the Russians, Germans and Italians complained loudly, but Mr. Bruce, quite undeterred, succeeded in establishing the theory that the world crisis was due not so much to the tariffs protecting local industries in different countries, but rather to the unnecessarily partisan protection of agriculture in various countries.

France was in those days growing wheat at a cost three times of what she could have bought it from Canada or the United States. Switzerland was doing the same; so were other countries. All of them were sponsoring local food production at an uneconomic price simply because they were all afraid of war, and anxious to guarantee some kind of self-support in the event of hostilities. Australia's interest in breaking down this nationalistic attitude towards home-grown foodstuffs such as wheat was naturally suspect. Australia was known to have a great deal of surplus grain. . . . Nevertheless, Australia raised the point at a League of Nations Conference in Geneva, basing her argument on the desirability of maintaining proper food standards, and therefore health standards, throughout the world.

In spite of the slow-moving machinery of the dying League of Nations, Nutritional Committees had been started in twenty-one different countries by 1939. When war broke out it looked as if this idealism had "had it," but President Roosevelt was persuaded to launch a conference at Hot Springs in 1942 to discuss the whole matter, and by the time the war ended the first Food and Agriculture Organisation Conference was held at Quebec. This was supported by U.N., though it was completely independent of it. Fifty-eight nations, including Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and all the Russian satellites, though not including Russia itself, applied for membership. Sir John Boyd Orr became the first Director-General and called a conference in 1946 to consider the immediate food position of the world.

An Emergency Food Council to continue the policy of the existing wartime Food Board of Great Britain and the United States was appointed to allocate available supplies, in cases of real need. Conference followed conference. The F.A.O. (Food and Agriculture Organisation) prepared a plan which was submitted to yet another conference held later in the year in Copenhagen. The idea was to organise a World Food Council with tremendous powers, the object of which was to promote the expansion of agriculture simultaneously with an increased consumption of food. Various ways and means of stabilising the world price of the major staple foods like wheat and rice were suggested. (In the '30's the price of wheat varied from day to day not only from year to year.) Many farmers were ruined by this gambling in commodities, and by 1946 it was clear that existing farmers must be guaranteed some kind of stability of prices. The result of the Copenhagen Conference was the creation of the emergency World Food Council with a committee of seventeen different nations, and an independent chairman (Viscount Bruce) to give practical suggestions on increasing the world output of food. Another conference at Washington, lasting from October 1946 to January 1947, prepared a report which on investigation proved that agriculture was so linked with the internal economy of different countries that it was impossible to isolate it. At the same time it suggested that the F.A.O. should give every possible help of a technical character in increasing the world output of food, particularly among the less advanced countries like China and India. Further investigation showed that after the 1914-18 war more than 100,000,000 new acres of agricultural country were brought into production in the U.S., Canada, Australia and the Argentine, among other countries. But after World War II there was no such new acreage available. The only thing to do was to increase food production on existing land, Experts claimed that ten times as much food could be raised in China and India if proper ploughs and other agricultural machinery were made available. This meant, however, that vast numbers of agricultural labourers would be thrown out of work if labour-saving devices were introduced in a big way. This, in turn, meant that it would be necessary to introduce various forms of processing the raw materials on the spot in order to give employment. This in turn—it sounds rather like the house that Jack built—meant that huge monetary credits would be necessary to finance the scheme.

Statistics show that two-thirds of all the hundreds of millions of people in the world are employed in agriculture. If they are prosperous then everybody else will be prosperous; that is the nub of the whole affair, food being the only real necessity of human beings.

Further conferences of the F.A.O. took place during 1947; when the cackle was cut, it became clear that in addition to the Marshall Plan providing money credits for Western Europe's general needs, it was necessary to plan an entirely separate scheme for encouraging agriculture, and therefore food production. Not surprisingly, the Americans have become somewhat tired of financing much of the rest of the world, and it needed some pretty plain talking to persuade them to give this extra monetary aid. It was, however, proved conclusively to them that unless world agriculture was subsidised and put on its feet again a world crisis was inevitable—a slump compared with which the 1931 crisis would be a mere "recession."

So far, the F.A.O. has spent most of its time and energy in conferences rather than practical politics. At last, however, four of the middle-eastern countries, including Egypt, have put forward plans for irrigation schemes which would guarantee three crops instead of one—and these are already under way. Experts on infestation and other aspects of food production have been put on panels and are giving advice, which after November should be implemented all over the world.

The new Director-General is Norris Dodd, of the U.S., with Sir Herbert Broadley, from the Ministry of Food, as his deputy.

During the three previous conferences hundreds of resolutions "For urgent immediate action" have been passed, but at least 300 of these will have to be scrapped. The International Bank at the moment has only 5,000,000 dollars a year to spend throughout the world on these idealistic food and agriculture plans. This amounts to only one-seventh of 1 per cent. of what the American Department of Agriculture spends alone.

In the meantime, the anticipated world famine has not materialised, partly because of the unusually mild winter last year, the record harvest in Australia and the doubling of monthly grain exports from Argentina. In addition, there have been exports of cereals from the U.S.S.R. This does not mean that the world food situation is satisfactory. On the contrary, rations in some countries have been lower than in the winter of 1946-47.

During the war the production of vegetables expanded throughout Europe to compensate in part for the shortages of other foods. The vegetable area of the United Kingdom increased by nearly 30 per cent. If one includes China and India, however, the most important food of all is rice, and it is quite clear that the surplus-producing countries of Asia will not reach their pre-war level of exports for some time, in spite of the calculation that the world's rice-eaters are increasing at the rate of 10,000,000 people a year. The situation is further aggravated by Foreign Exchange difficulties. For some time past the deficit countries have found it more and more difficult to secure allocations of rice, because the prices demanded were too great a strain on their total exchange resources, or because they did not have the specific type of foreign exchange required. To add to these difficulties, some of the rice-exporting countries are now requiring an exchange of an equivalent amount of other cereals as a condition of sale.

It may be assumed that China will have access to dollars under the United States-China Aid Plan, but in India the basic rice ration is equivalent to only 427 calories, which is near-starvation, even though supplemented by a tiny ration of wheat flour. Another trouble is that the amount of rice secured from the acre is less than it was before the war. Lack of good seeds and fertilisers is responsible for this. The restoration of the damaged irrigation and drainage systems in the war-devastated areas is being carried out, but progress is slow. Which all adds up to the fact that the experts on the various agricultural committees meeting in Washington early in November will have to do a great deal of high-grade planning if another world slump is not to materialise in 1952.

HARVEST-TIME IN NORWAY: The cut grass is hung over wires stretched between poles, thus taking advantage of the sun to the maximum degree. This picture was taken in the Jostedalsbreen district of central Norway, looking up the valley towards Amot. In the background can be seen a branch of the huge Jostedalsbreen Glacier, reported to be the largest in Europe

THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY TRIES OUT A NEW FERGUSON TRACTOR: Mr. G. R. Strauss at the controls during his recent visit to the Coventry works where this equipment is now being turned out at record-breaking pace

A New York Hospital For Old Masters

RESTORING A MUNKACSY CANVAS

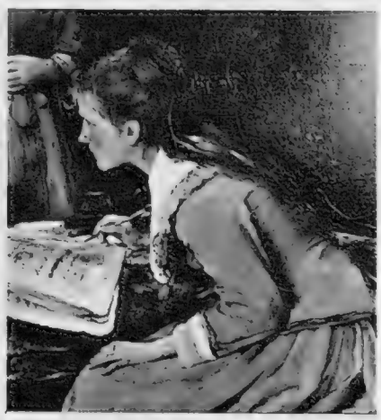
The restoration of old paintings is still a highly controversial matter, as witness the not-to-be-lightly-forgotten storm over the National Gallery restorations. In the New York studio of Sheldon and Caroline Keck restoration has two of its finest exponents. Their most recent achievement is the complete renovation of Michael Munkacsy's "Blind Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters." This picture, a possession of the New York Public Library, was painted in 1878, and in that year gained the painter the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Last year the picture's shocking condition attracted general attention, and it was accordingly put in the charge of the Kecks in their studio at 87 State Street, Brooklyn. How they applied a new canvas and generally restored the masterpiece has aroused general admiration.

A NEW COATING OF VARNISH FOR THE RESTORED MASTERPIECE: Mr. Sheldon Keck, the New York art restorer, completing his work on "Blind Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters," the canvas by Michael Munkacsy, the Hungarian artist, which he has now stripped of decades of dirt and grime, cleaned, and, in short, made to look like new. Some of Keck's methods are highly unusual and all are intricate. Munkacsy was a painter with a flair for religious subjects. In his own day he enjoyed a wide fame, vast crowds gathering wherever his pictures were shown, often in a dim religious light and with other artificial aids. He died in 1900 in the asylum at Endenich, worn out by his early deprivations and struggles

THE END OF THE FIRST PHASE IN THE RESTORATION OF THE MUNKACSY PAINTING: The picture, having been given an entirely new canvas by an intricate ironing process, is restored to the upright position from the floor on which it lay during the ironing. Mr. Keck and Caroline Keck then strip the protective newspapers away from the front of the picture

MR. SHELDON KECK HAS MADE A STUDY OF BRUSHWORK: When restoring a piece of the cracked canvas of the Munkacsy picture he uses the same brushwork technique as the Hungarian artist employed upon the original. To do this Kech first studies the work under a magnifying glass and gets a fairly clear idea of the way in which the artist worked. The picture was finally returned to New York Public Library after five months

IRONING ON A NEW CANVAS: Sheldon Keck engaged upon his intricate task. The canvas, woven to order in Belgium, was applied with the help of 13 lb. of micro-crystalline wax, and it was pressed to the old canvas with a hard iron



A DETAIL OF THE MUNKACSY PAINTING BEFORE RESTORATION: A close-up of Milton's daughter taking down the words of her father. Round her head and back the canvas was in a sorry state, and Mr. Keck had to employ considerable ingenuity

New Lamps and Old

TOPPERS, TOGAS, AND TAILS

Some Thoughts on Ceremonial Dress

By JOHN GORE

THE LAST TOPPER ?—Tremendous decisions are come to every day, and sometimes we miss their significance or implications. For example, at Eton the top-hat is no longer obligatory. Some say (though I don't believe them) that a tail-coat and a cap—once a music-hall device for raising laughter—will become the mode. And indeed it is high time. Economic stress has long since pointed the way to reform. I don't know when the last new topper was acquired by Eton parents. Those recently in use among the lucky, date from the Edwardian age, and one I know is largely reinforced with a copy of the *Daily Mail* of 1903. But Eton has not abandoned tradition—the tails remain, and one day the "good times" and the topper will return. There is no hope for humanity to snatch from this decision. Those adults who still own toppers and tails must still don them on very ceremonial occasions—to put to shame those whose tails were blitzed or moth-ridden. Nay, those adults who own the privileged garments find them so becoming that they don them still on absurd occasions, such as watching cricket at Lord's as a preliminary to shivering in an icy blast on the Mound or dining by the river-side. Myself, I *will* not follow fashion to that absurdity. I will don the foolish museum-pieces when I must, always hoping that one day those authorities who direct fashions will get off the fence, put both feet down on the realistic side, and ordain a simple garment of ceremony for all occasions and for all concerned in them. But that blessed stroke of wisdom will not precede the Atomic War.

Now, it is my intention to treat this tremendous trifle (and all its implications) in a spirit of restraint and good humour. Bevan in his hatred of Tories, and the late Frank Richardson in his loathing of whiskers, went too far, let the bile spoil the flavour. The most important subjects are better presented with humour and moderation; exaggeration and bitterness have too often lost good cases in courts of law.

The Even Mean.—I understand the good points in the case for pageantry and tradition, colour and graceful living. This old country of ours deserves these graces and our people in the main desire them and are cheered by them.

I am by no means utility-minded, but I hold very strongly that an even mean should be reached between the rival claims of grace and tradition on one hand and convenience, fitness and common sense on the other.

The Roman toga was graceful wear under suitable conditions; so were doublets and trunk hose, if fantastical; so very much were Regency fashions in men's wear. But the industrial age came in, and railway carriages and growlers and hansom cabs took the shine out of lace ruffles, velvet and silk, and sober broadcloth and snuff-coloured tweeds replaced them. Men's clothes became hideous, I admit, and the evolution of the graceful swallowtail and grey topper (the glass of Ascot fashion) was welcome and indeed is still becoming. But is it still fitting? No more, I suggest, than was the Blue-coat School uniform by 1914. This is the age of the aeroplane and the motor-car, and utility or speed require that these vehicles should be streamlined and therefore low-roofed. Men come by car and plane to Epsom and Ascot, and the man does not live who can arrange his tails or preserve his top-hat on his head in either vehicle. As surely as the railway killed silk stockings for men, so have the car and plane killed the top-hat and the tails. They are graceful still on a lawn or in an enclosure, but no more fitting and convenient in a car or plane than would trunk hose and velvet have been in a growler.

It follows that in preserving this graceful dress of ceremony the even mean has not been reached. Convenience is sacrificed to tradition and grace. But to-day there are several other important factors of which no note has been taken.

Topper-and-tails as ceremonial wear create from economic causes quite definite class distinction at a time when such distinction is not desirable. The costume is beyond the means in cash and coupons of thousands of worthy citizens. It favours the lucky or the rich, those whose garments survived the bombs and moths of war or whose purses or pull can still replace them.

That this is true is clearly evidenced in the occasional writings of left-wing journalists, wherein bitterness is revealed in a kind of inverted snobbishness. I read recently some particularly bitter comments on the Royal Garden-parties, based on this very cleavage or variety in ceremonial dress.

Nothing could be more unfair, for no sovereign in modern times has shown more consideration for the difficulties of his subjects in the matter of dress than has our present King.

Not only does he ordain that what is (loathsomely) known as the "lounge" suit is as acceptable to him as the tail-coat, but in a number of particular instances he has insisted on ceremonial dress reforms calculated to conserve coupons.

It is therefore clear that the impetus to retain this graceful but rare (and therefore class-conscious) dress comes not from high authority but from a clique, whether of Fashion or of Courtiers or based on Savile Row.

The Die-hard Brigade.—Knowing the truth, those who accept the principle of the "even mean" in the preservation of graceful tradition should now show their mettle and reveal their moral courage in practice, and, until that time comes when common sense prevails in the standardisation of a dress of ceremony suitable to all occasions, all purses and to modern conditions of transport and economics, they should cut their coat on ceremonial occasions resolutely to their condition.

That is to say, if their conditions require that they must drive up by road or train from Hampshire to attend a Royal Garden-party, let them discard their tails; if a day at Lord's is to be followed by a picnic on the river, let them leave their top-hats at home, and if they are bound for a ceremony not confined to the privileged few, let them show their gentility (as did the Colonel when he put his ice into his soup) by imitating the fashions of the humbler and not of the "exalted" guests.

THE OLD ORIGINAL BALMORAL CASTLE WHICH APPEALED SO STRONGLY TO THE IMAGINATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA: An artist's impression of the Castle in its magnificent setting among the Grampians. It was 100 years ago, on September 8, 1848, that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert arrived at Balmoral for the first time. At first the Queen leased Balmoral, but the air proved so stimulating that in 1852 she purchased the estate. It was then that Prince Albert prevailed upon the Queen to erect a new castle

THE PICTURESQUE TOWER OF OLD BALMORAL: With its pepper-box bastions and crow-step roof, it dominated the surrounding woodlands. On the ground floor of the tower was a dining-room

THE GLORY OF DEESIDE—THE MODERN CASTLE OF BALMORAL STANDING AMID THE WOODLANDS NEAR THE RIVER AND SURROUNDED BY THE TOWERING GRAMPIANS: The plans for this building in the Scottish baronial style were prepared under the enthusiastic direction of the Prince Consort, and in 1853 the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Castle. When the new Balmoral was completed and occupied two years later, the old Castle, which lay on the site of the present Castle lawns, was demolished after seven years of Royal tenancy—*Drawings by Percy Home*

When the new Balmoral was completed the Queen was delighted with her modern home in the Scottish baronial style, although at first she had misgivings about the wholesale changes which her Consort proposed. In 1856 the Queen wrote in her journal: "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that all has become my dear Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere." The Royal Family had then been associated with Balmoral for eight years, and except in the reign of Edward VII its popularity has remained to this day. In the fifteenth century the castle was a crude stronghold with a turreted keep, from which the approach of marauders and rival clansmen could be speedily observed and effectively opposed.

I see no flaw at all in my argument. I have admitted myself to be a last-ditcher as regards all sane and fit tradition and graces. I have also a very clear notion of the form which the new dress of ceremony should take. It can be gay and shapely and smart; best of all, it can save wardrobe and suitcase space. It will serve for wedding and funeral, dance and garden-party, and, above all, it will suit the conditions of transport.

It, like the transport of its day, will be streamlined, with no absurdly vulnerable excrescences above and below. But when will it come, when will it be universally adopted? Aye, there 's the rub. The boys of the "good-times-will-come-back" brigade will not yield an inch which they can hold. The attack must be planned by a Montgomery, victory assured before zero-hour. Who will lead the campaign?

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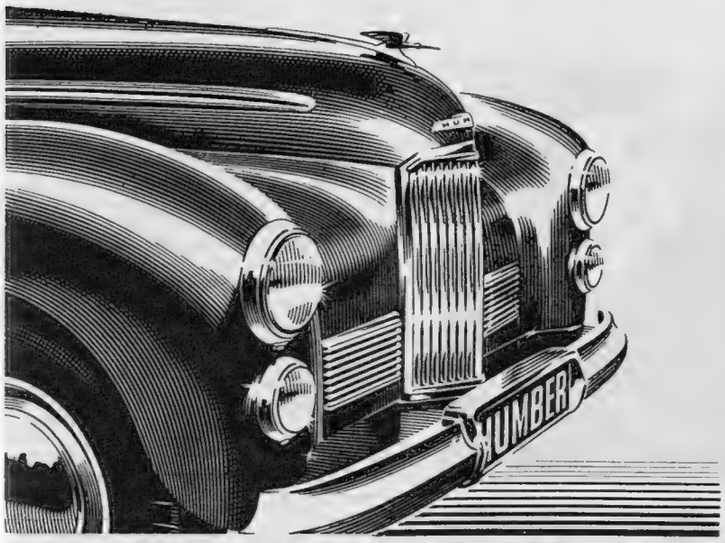

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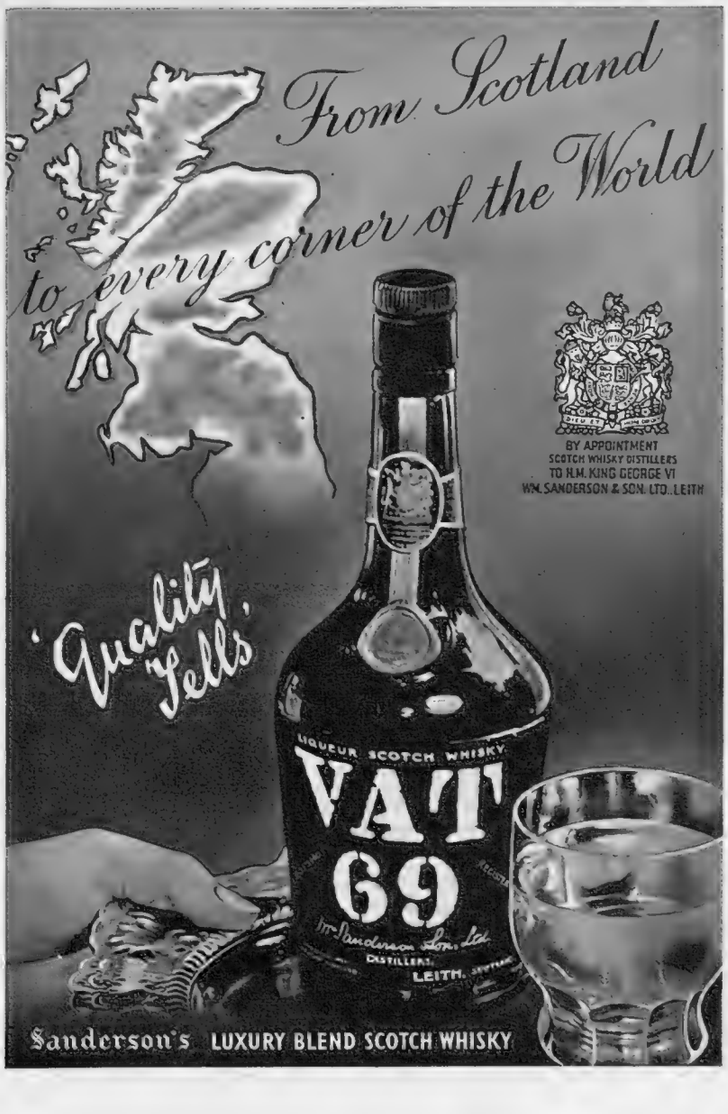

The World of Books—BY VERNON FANE

GOYA OF THE PASSIONATE HEART

The Great Spanish Painter Provides Flora Sandstrom with the Central Figure for Her Latest Novel

ONE of the greatest of all the magnificent painters in Spain's history is the subject of Miss Flora Sandstrom's new novel. Goya was a genius, and in that sense a universal figure, but his genius was peculiarly Spanish, and his works have the passionate imprint of a Spanish heart and mind and hand recording the Spanish scene in the eighteenth century. THE DANCING GIANT (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.) is written with an appropriate gusto and love of life, with rich imagery and, most infectious of all, with a warm appreciation of the paintings that have remained inimitable

As an old man, Goya took the difficult journey to Paris where, among other artists, he saw young Delacroix and his work, which he admired. Some years later it was the Frenchman on a visit to Spain who paid the old painter the greatest of tributes. Reaching the coast of Spain, he was to cry: "All Goya breathes around me!" This novel, too, is a tribute.

THE STEEPER CLIFF (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.) is a serious, indeed rather a solemn piece of work by an interesting American writer, Mr. David Davidson. Its theme is the struggle of an intelligent and sensitive man against his own fear. In this case the man is an American officer who volunteers for service on the first day of his country's entry into war, who, through no fault of his own, doesn't see action, and who, in the post-war period, finds himself in Europe helping in the attempt to reconstruct some of the German newspapers.

In the course of his work he becomes interested in the activities of a German journalist of about his own age who had been the author of some outspoken anti-Nazi articles, and who had reputedly been a member of the underground movement. This man's whereabouts—if indeed he is still alive—are difficult to trace, and it is with the search for him that the action of the book is chiefly concerned.

In the meantime, the American meets hostility among his own colleagues, discovers weaknesses as vicious in them as in the enemy, and discovers in his own nature a duality of cowardice and courage which he can scarcely resolve. Mr. Davidson writes with so much earnestness that his book becomes one insistent demand to be taken at its author's valuation. This attitude is liable to be a little trying, but it is not without force, and the basic idea of the novel is a sound and even admirable one.

EARTHBOUND (Aldor. 10s. 6d.) is another American novel, but there all resemblance ends. Mr. Davidson writes with restraint and often has an excellently concise use of words. Mr. Dalton S. Reymond, on the other hand, who is no stranger to Hollywood we are told, concentrates on lavish effects, on violence, beauty, lust and disaster, and more or less lets the writing take care of itself. "Have a cigar," as an open-handed impresario once cried. "Have *three* cigars!" And Mr. Reymond seems to echo that prodigality.

In its better moments this story of the Mississippi Delta sixty years ago or more gives some striking pictures of that rich countryside, of the changes of weather, of the menace of floods and of the constant work in reinforcing the river-banks. All that is in the most exact sense natural is competently done, and gives the book its only authenticity. Where the author inclines—at a pretty steep angle, it must be admitted—to the romantic, his effects are less successful, and his personages so monotonously in character that they lack all life.

Mrs. Angela Thirkell's personages may also be said to remain in character, but here the gradations of thought and expression are so much more delicate, and the approach to them so far removed from the impetuous that the effect is that of calm observation rather than a series of magnified close-ups. LOVE AMONG THE RUINS (Hamish Hamilton. 11s.) follows the familiar pattern known to all collectors of Thirkelliana; a pattern that is soothing without being soporific, that rewards the close student.

HE FIGHTS FOR THE AMERICAN NEGRO: Mr. Richard Bourne-Vaneck, a Londoner, with his Cardiff-born coloured bride at their New York flat. Mr. Bourne-Vaneck has just bought one of the oldest American newspapers for Negroes, the "New York Age," with the purpose of "improving the lot of the Negro in particular and of minority groups in general." He says he hopes to make the "Age," now a weekly, into a daily that will appeal to Negroes and whites alike

SUZANNAH SINGS (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is an agreeable trifle by Miss Maxine Hewson, who has not yet written a great deal, but who has brought considerable wit to that little. Here she is dealing with a pretty girl whose ambition is to sing in opera. Unpromising material, one might say with a wariness, foreseeing one of the inevitable alternatives: of a brilliant career given up for love, a brilliant love given up for a career, or a love taking the place of a career blasted by some untimely accident.

Miss Hewson, however, has done a good deal better than all these, and I leave you to her with confidence.

The "historical-romantical" is Mr. Reginald Kirby's field in DAWN JOURNEY (Collins. 10s. 6d.), a closely-packed tale in which the scenes of action take precedence over those of reflection. The author provides the reader, and generously at that, with brawls and shipwrecks, with interviews with David Garrick and with Red Indian chieftains, with scenes from Newgate gaol and from the new settlement of Boston, and with an all-round atmosphere of plotting and swooning and fisticuffs.

Good, strenuous stuff, in fact, and I might add that the historical background is lightly but confidently sketched in.

"Alike for what he did and for what he was, there is none to equal Alfred in the whole line of English sovereigns." That is the dictum of a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and it is of King Alfred of Wessex, whose statue stands to-day in his city of Winchester, that Mr. W. Victor Cook has written in a sound little novel, AXES AGAINST ENGLAND (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.).

Alfred is not often the subject of historical novels, and there is little elegance or romanticism to be found in the warrior King of Wessex. I can, however, remember some allusions to him in 1940, and perhaps in the future more novelists will turn to a study of this extraordinary man. In the meantime, our thanks to Mr. Cook.

It is as easy to read Miss Marion Sturges-Jones's novel IN WEDLOCK WAKE (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) as to go shopping in a New York store. In both cases, everything is made simple and comfortable for you, all the most luxurious goods are on display, and one's own problems of rationing are temporarily in abeyance. The novel, which is a harmless and dated little piece, but cosy in its way, concerns a handsome young couple living near Philadelphia, with plenty of money and handsome, clever children.

They have two problems: the period is the autumn of 1941, and the husband shows signs of taking the war seriously. He also shows signs of needing a little light diversion to compensate for his ideal home life. It all works out very well in the end, although there is something peculiarly remote about the time and the setting which gives the book, perhaps unfairly, an impression of triviality. As I say, it is marvellously easy to read.

Of the three thrillers I have read, by far the best is Shelley Smith's THE WOMAN IN THE SEA (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.), which I thought really effective, and enjoyed even after I had spotted its close resemblance to the story of an actual murder case about fifteen or twenty years ago. After that, spotting similarities was merely like a new parlour game, and quite entertaining. I don't think you 'll have much difficulty in doing this for yourself.

THE CASE OF THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HAIR (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is very adequate, too, and Mr. Christopher Bush is never lacking in devices to fox the would-be detective. East Anglia provides the setting.

Mr. John Rhode's THE TELEPHONE CALL (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.) has its merits too, though I thought it suffered from the author's choice of an insistently dull background.

SOMETHING BREWING IN THE PUBLISHING WORLD

Whitbread's Add to Their New Library

There was a time when "Beer is Best," and other crystal-clear and succinct slogans, all quite unmistakable in their intent, just about represented the sum total of the literary output of the brewing fraternity. They relied upon brevity to carry their cultural message to the world; and for the rest stuck to making beer. But times have changed with a vengeance; the brewer has turned his glance towards Henrietta Street, Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, and has entered the publishing field. One result is the admirable Whitbread Library. The two latest additions to this library, which is intended to take the reader behind the scenes of one of Britain's oldest industries, are THE BREWER'S ART and WHITBREAD CRAFTSMEN (Whitbread and Co. 5s.). Both books are excellently produced with fine colour-plates, and contain a wealth of information. *Whitbread Craftsmen* includes among its contributors Richard Church, L. A. G. Strong, Ralph Straus and S. P. B. Mais, a veritable galaxy of essayists of talent, and there is no gainsaying the fact that both these excellent publications, directly and indirectly in praise of beer, will keep many a person by the chimney-corner instead of "wasting" his money down at the "local."

Salisbury Cathedral, with its spire which has dominated the Wiltshire meadows and the tranquil Avon for 600 years past, and Norwich Cathedral, hiding behind its plain exterior an interior magnificence, a glory of vaulting with few equals, provide subjects for two new volumes (Winchester Publications. 21s.). Jeffrey Truby is the author of THE GLORIES OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL and in the text accompanying a fine series of photographs, he tells the long and splendid history of the shrine, of some of the great and humble whose deeds have shaped its destiny, of its architecture and of the craftsmen who made it. R. H. Mottram, who has passed most of his life in East Anglia, writes of THE GLORIES OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL. He writes as an enthusiast, appealing essentially to the layman, marshalling his facts easily and naturally. There is nothing of the pedagogue in either of these authors, and both books in consequence have something more than guide-book factuality to recommend them.

Is a novel the better for having a message? Is fiction a well-suited vehicle for the purveyance of philosophy?

Both these questions may leap instantly to mind after reading C. S. Forester's THE SKY AND THE FOREST (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.), for in this new novel the greatest yarn-spinner of our day has a lesson to teach in his portrayal of the development of Loa, his noble savage, the Congo King who rules his 700 people as a god, but comes, through hardship and suffering, the perils of the long trek homeward from captivity among the Arab slavers, to recognise that he is not omnipotent, that he has a vast dependence upon others. It is a tale told with all Mr. Forester's practised skill as a spell-binding narrator, and even if we have exchanged the generals and admirals of earlier books for an African chieftain, there is the same compelling interest in personalities, the same desire to read on swiftly to the end to find out what happens to all these people. *The Sky and the Forest* is a first-rate story, and the fact that it contains matter for meditation does not for one second cause it to lose hold of the reader's attention.

Major Sir Philip Hunloke, a fine sailor and a fine Englishman, belonged essentially to the spacious days of British yachting; spacious in the simplest, most direct meaning of the term, when the big J-class yachts dominated the regattas of Britain and the Continent, and also from the viewpoint that Sir Philip was doyen of the sport in its greatest period of splendour. Under the title of THE KING'S SAILING MASTER (Harrap. 21s.), Douglas Dixon tells Sir Philip Hunloke's story, with all its memories of the faithful old *Britannia* which served King George V so well through all the years of his reign. The account of *Britannia's* dead-heat with *Westward* in 1932 makes thrilling reading.

Another book for the yachtsman is SAILING TO WIN, by Robert N. Bavier (Peter Davies. 15s.). This is an essentially practical book dealing with rules and regulations, and the technique of sailing generally. The author comes from a well-known American yachting family.

ENGLISH FOLK HEROES (Batsford. 10s. 6d.) is the work of Christina Hole, who has made folklore her special subject. Here she records the legends of Robin Hood, King Arthur and St. George, and then proceeds to penetrate the dense fog of magic or of miracle which has gathered round them in the course of centuries.

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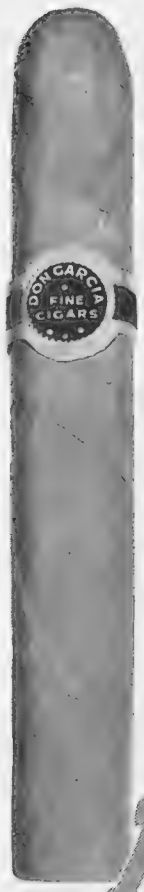

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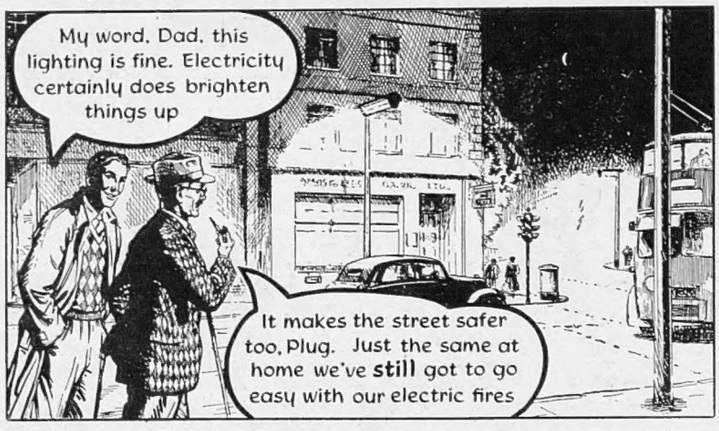

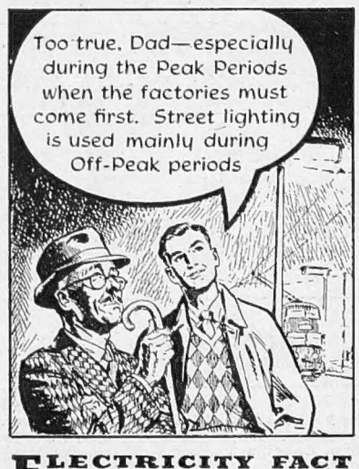

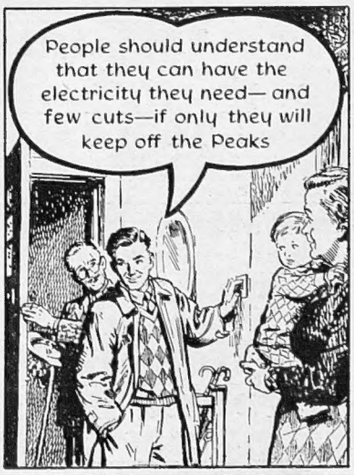

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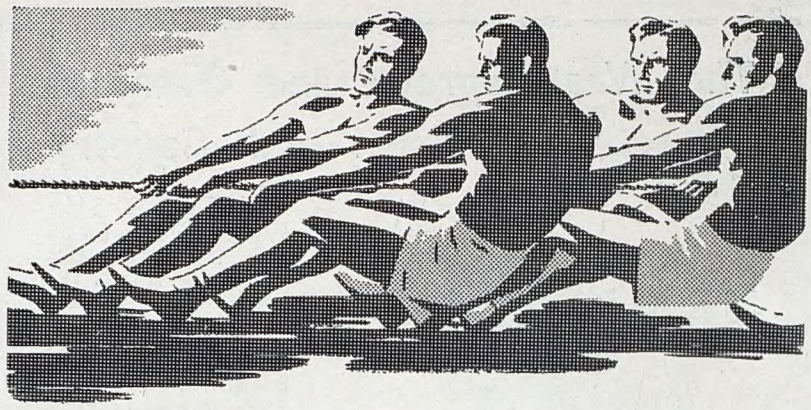

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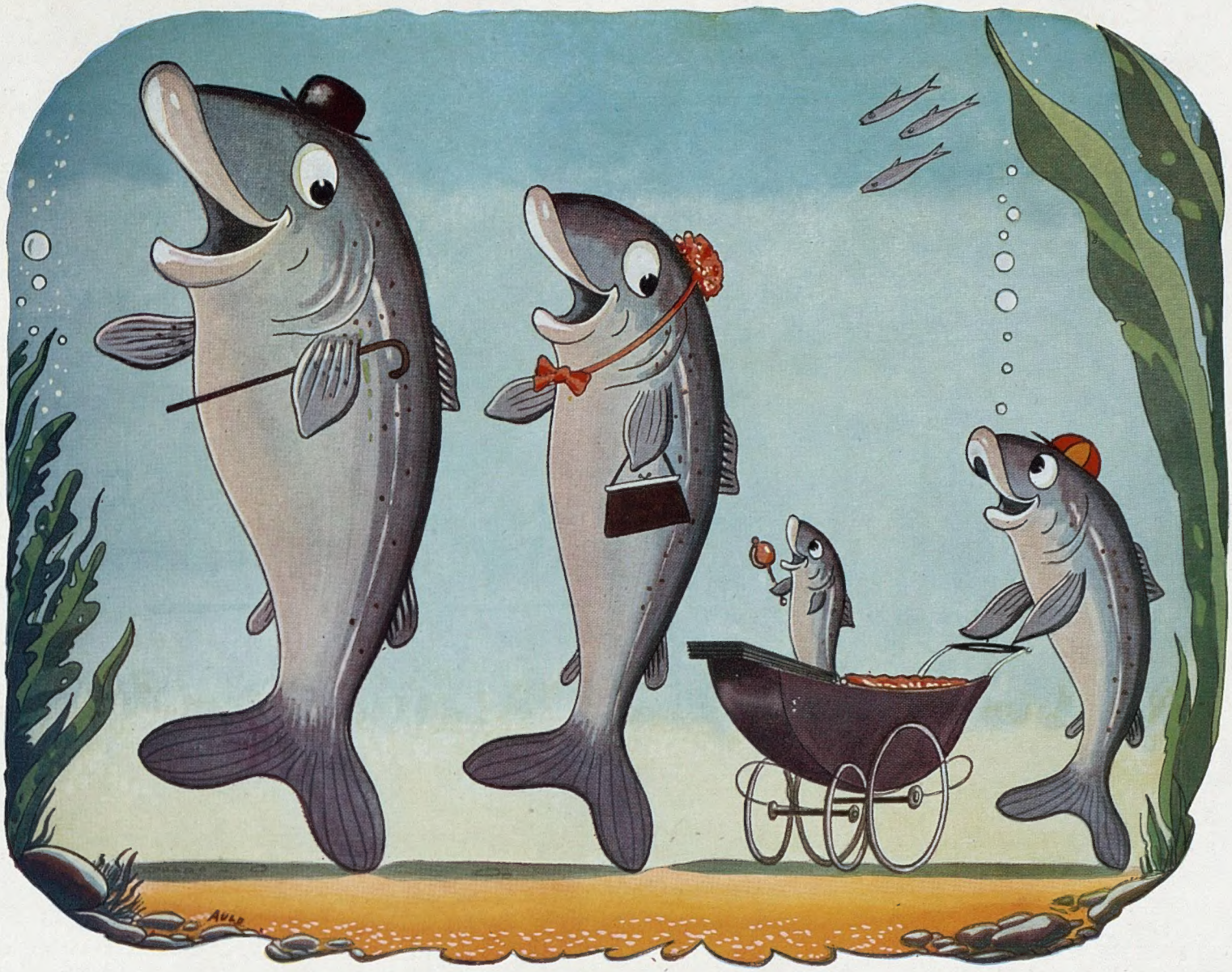

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